...Y HEROINE – IN APPRECIATION OF MOTHERS EVERYWHERE by MARY PICKFORD

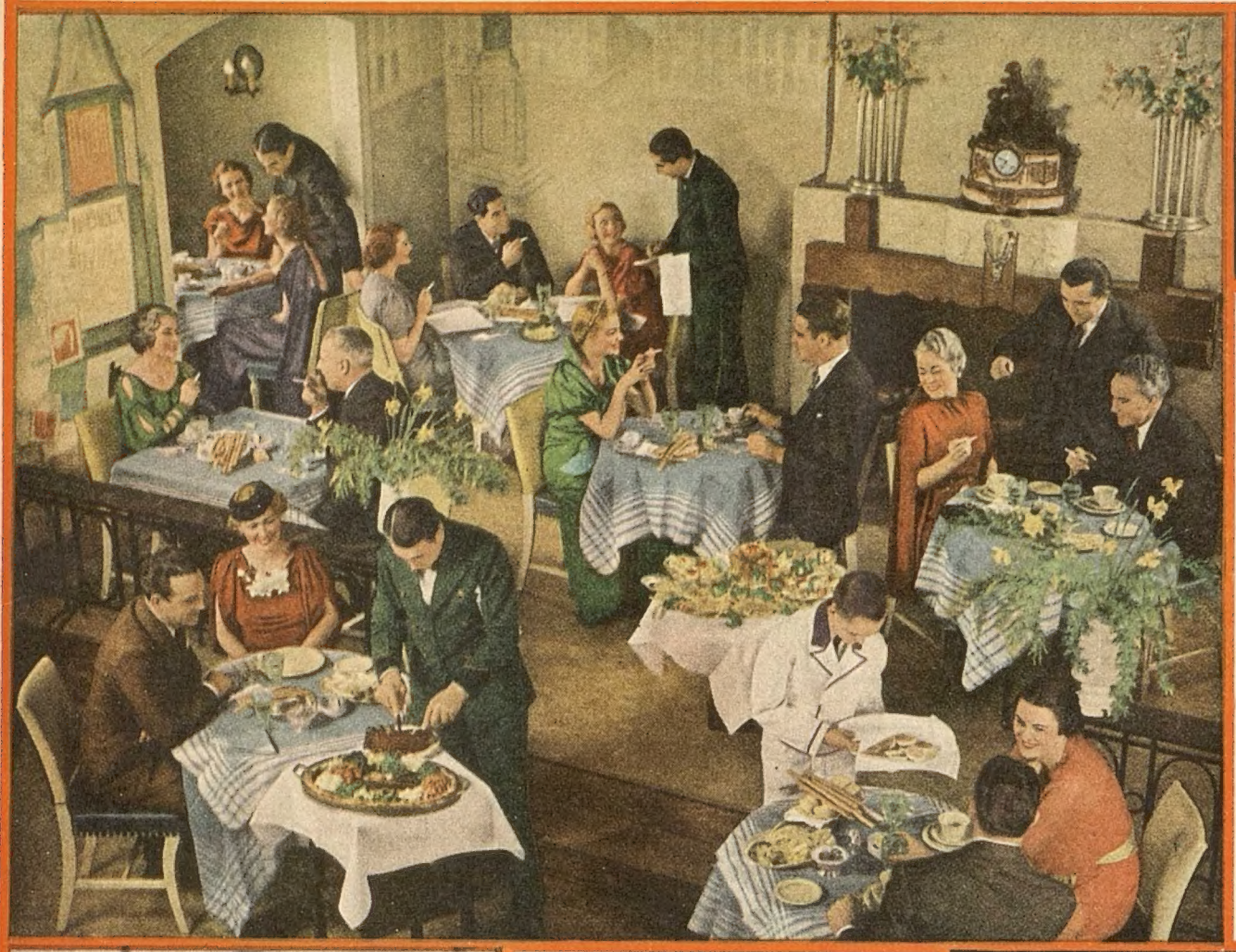
MAY 9, 1936

Liberty

5¢

WHAT HAUPTMANN DID WITH THE MISSING MONEY

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS



A RARE PLEASURE. At the left—leisurely diners enjoying the continental *cuisine* at Jacques French Restaurant, a nationally famous *café* in Chicago. Here it is that soft lights and impeccable service give the perfect setting for such dishes as Baked Oysters *à la Jacques* and other specialties of the house. And Camels add the final touch to dining. "Camels are most popular here," Jacques himself (*above*) observes. "They are the favorite with those who know fine living."

MRS. HAL LEE, pictured here in the kitchen, says: "When telephone, doorbell, housework, and planning stretch my nerves taut—it's hard on digestion. I smoke Camels to help keep my digestion in healthful working order."

Smoking Camels a Pleasant Way to Ward Off Effects of Worry and Strain on Digestion. Camels Set You Right!

Modern days are tense and trying. Nerves get "wound up." Hurry, worry, and strain tend to interfere with normal processes of digestion.

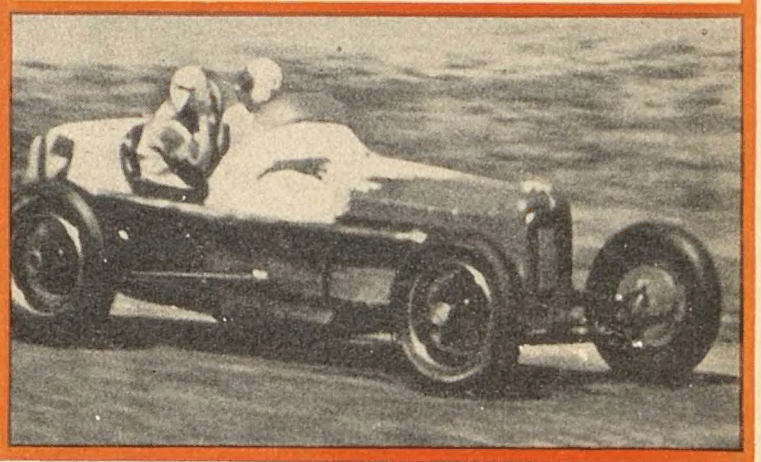
Smoking Camels helps to restore and increase the flow of fluids so necessary to good digestion. You sense a comforting "lift" and feeling of well-being as you enjoy the delicate fragrance of your Camel.

You can smoke Camels steadily. The matchless blend of Camel's costlier tobaccos never gets on your nerves or tires your taste.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE FLARE of the welding arc climbs to 8700° F.! Dan Rafferty, master welder, says: "Smoking Camels during and after meals helps my digestion."

THE WINNER! Kelly Petillo (*below*) takes the 500-mile Indianapolis classic. Petillo says: "Smoking Camels goes a long way in helping my digestion."



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

Oklahoma's Oil Fields are My Office"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH
F. D. CUMMINGS, DISTRICT PROD. SUPT.,
SKELLY OIL CO., INC., TULSA, OKLA.

FOR 40 YEARS, F. D. Cummings has been getting gas and oil out of the ground. And today a big 1936 Plymouth helps him superintend production at 140 Skelly oil wells.

"The company gave me my choice," says Mr. Cummings, "and I picked Plymouth. I drive 3,000 miles a month all over these oil fields . . . and my Plymouth's comfort and ease of handling are real blessings.

"Hydraulic brakes and a Safety-Steel body decided me on Plymouth . . . I want no part of accidents.

"And with perfect engineering . . . no wonder it's so economical to run!"

You may not do one-third the driving Mr. Cummings does. But you *do* want the safety, comfort, economy and reliability Plymouth gives.

Drive it . . . try out this big, new Plymouth. Just ask your Chrysler, Dodge or DeSoto dealer to arrange it.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

EASY TO BUY

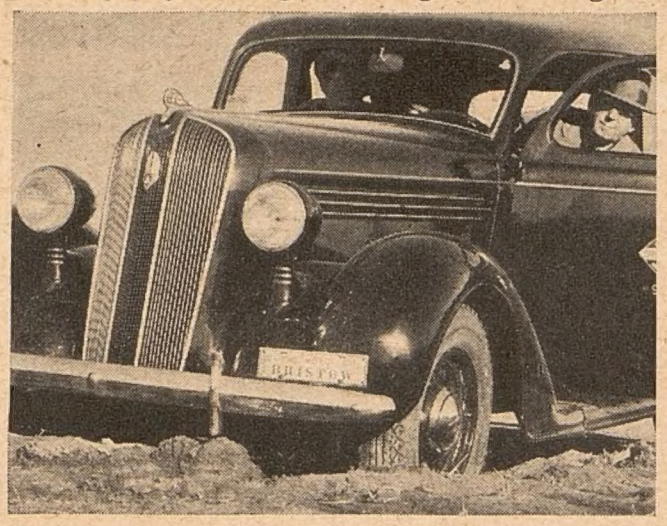
Plymouth is priced with the lowest . . . and Plymouth terms are as low as the lowest! You can buy a big, new Plymouth for as little as $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and DeSoto dealers low finance terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

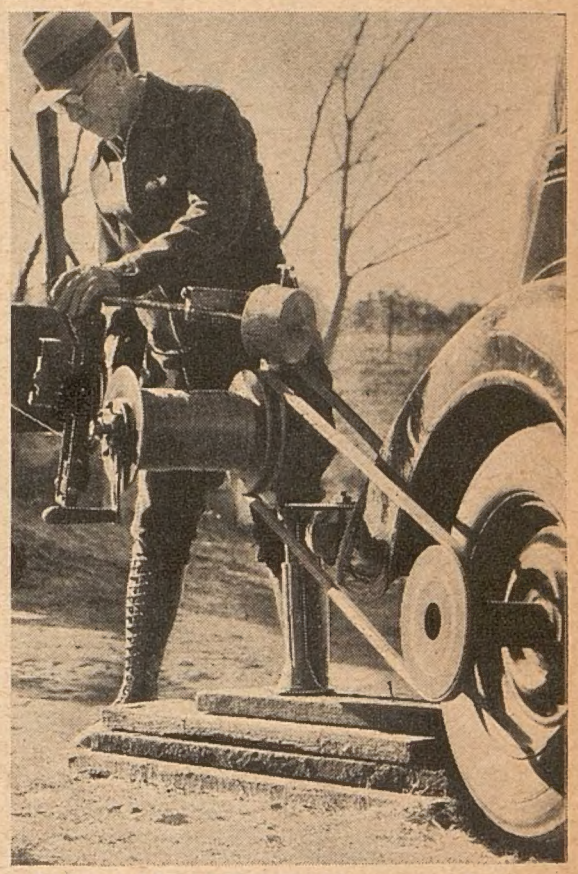
$510

And up, list at factory, Detroit. Special equip. extra

"MY DESK IS AT THE WHEEL OF THE 1936 PLYMOUTH"

"THERE'S NO VIBRATION in a Plymouth. It's all absorbed by Floating Power engine mountings."





(*Above*) MR. CUMMINGS contrived a rear wheel pulley for his Plymouth. It reels in plumb line . . . sounds oil well depth.

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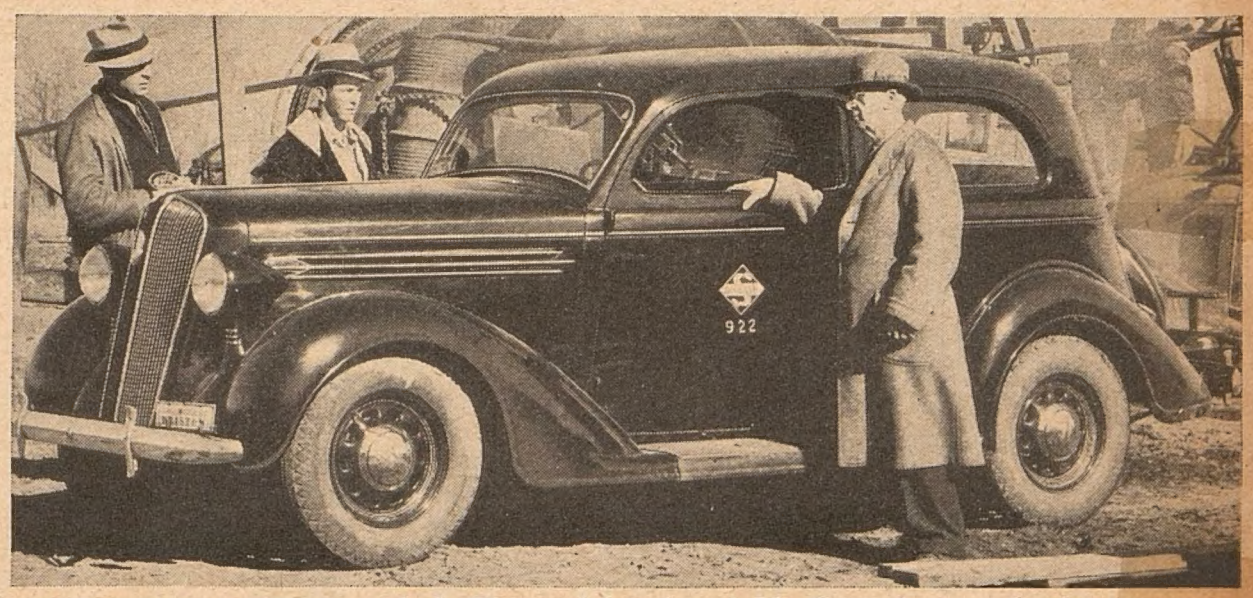
(*Left*) "THIS OIL FIELD COUNTRY sure makes a driver thankful for Plymouth's stamina and comfort," says Mr. Cummings.



AT ONE OF THE 140 WELLS . . . with the Plymouth he selected, Mr. Cummings, production superintendent, says, "I feel safe in Plymouth . . . with its Safety-Steel body and 100% Hydraulic brakes!"

• TUNE IN ED WYNN TUESDAY NIGHTS, 8:30 E. S. T., N. B. C. RED NETWORK . . . "GULLIVER THE TRAVELER"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

MAY 9, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 19

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

SOLD OUT TO WALL STREET

I HAVE sold my soul to Wall Street, so some of my caustic critics tell me. I am no longer a friend of the worker.

I have been through the hard routine, the suffering, the bitter soul-crushing sorrow that comes to those who endure the struggle that leads toward worth-while achievement.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

And now my critics tell me that I am living on the fat of the land, that I have lost sympathy with the underdog, and that I am defending those who are already overfed, wallowing in luxury. Well, I am afraid many of our citizens would think they were starving to death if they followed my rigid regimen. I usually fast one or two days out of every week, frequently eating only one meal a day the balance of the week. By preference I sleep on a hard floor. Therefore luxury has no enticements for me.

I am doubtless being attacked because I have defended the fundamental governmental principles that are absolutely essential to maintain the liberties that we have enjoyed in this free American country.

Our foreign critics tell us that our government has failed, notwithstanding the fact that we have accumulated and still retain nearly half the wealth of the world.

But riches amount to but little if they do not make our citizens healthier and happier; if the standard of living that we boast about so often is not properly maintained.

What we call the middle class today are enjoying luxuries that even the wealthy were not able to afford in former generations. And the standard of living of our workers is far above that of any other country in the world. There are no exceptions. The English workmen perhaps most nearly approach our standard, but they are still far below the scale that we have reached for workers in this country.

Now, our Communistic and Fascist agitators would naturally like to introduce their systems. In the change that would be brought about they might improve their financial situation dishonestly or otherwise. In Russia, for example, it has been maintained that about one million of its citizens are in dictatorial control over the entire population and that the workers there are ordered around like slaves. To be sure, there is no unemployment in that country. And unemployment would disappear in this country in a few months if workers were willing to take whatever wages were offered to them. But to maintain what we call high wages and give everybody a job presents a difficult situation.

No, I have not sold out to Wall Street!

When I found myself possessed of an undue amount of wealth I turned nearly all of it over to a beneficent trust. This trust fund might be put in the multimillionaire class, but personally I am far from being a millionaire. Through life annuities bought many years ago I have an income which makes work unnecessary. But interesting work adds zest and pleasure to life. It is through accomplishment that we secure our most satisfying thrills.

And I would like to see a division of the wealth of this country in the form of opportunities to work. To divide the wealth, if it were possible, and pass it out in charity handouts would work incalculable injury. Reward without effort leads to disaster.

We have set a standard in these United States that no other country has equaled. We should maintain it at any cost. But this cannot be done if we adopt the foreign isms which in some instances result in the workers being huddled and harried like slaves.

If we want to maintain our leadership as the wealthiest nation in the world, we will have to accept the lessons of experience. This may not be a horse-and-buggy age, but the general principles of a free government never change. Liberty means the privilege to follow the dictates of our intelligence and conscience, provided we do not infringe upon the freedom of others.

And regimentation of any kind, restrictions that hinder and enslave the workers of foreign countries are barred by our Constitution.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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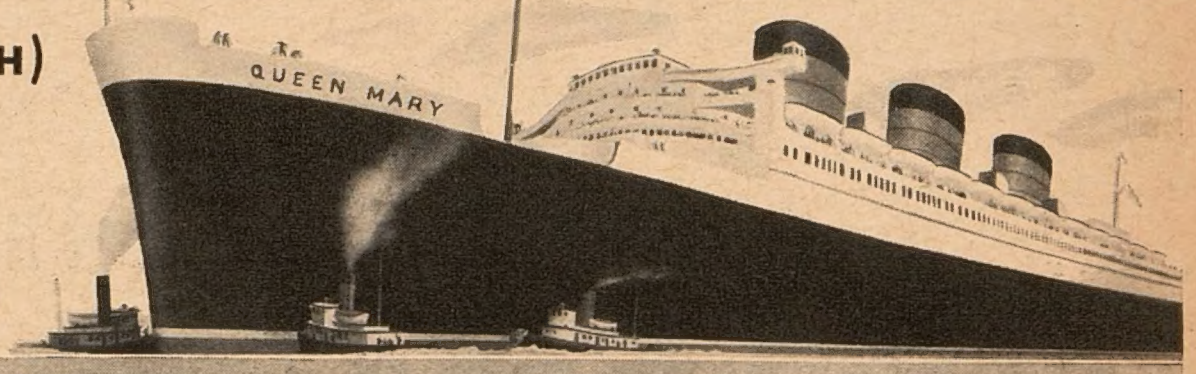
Here's Your Chance! PALMOLIVE IS GIVING AWAY

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

(OR $20,000 IN CASH)

AND

100,000 OTHER PRIZES



IMAGINE, A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE! ALL EXPENSES PAID, EVEN RAILROAD FARE TO AND FROM NEW YORK! AND $300 POCKET-MONEY... WINNERS SAIL ON THE MAGNIFICENT NEW "QUEEN MARY"!
OR, YOU CAN HAVE $1000 CASH IN PLACE OF THE TRIP!
LEAVE NEW YORK JULY 29, RETURN SEPT. 4TH! I'D SEE LONDON, PARIS, VENICE AND TWELVE OTHER FASCINATING CITIES!
SEE HOW EASY IT IS, TOO—I BELIEVE EVEN I COULD WIN!
ALL YOU DO IS WRITE A SHORT LETTER, STARTING "I LIKE PALMOLIVE SOAP BECAUSE"....WHY, WE KNOW LOTS OF REASONS WHY PALMOLIVE IS BETTER!
YOU BET!.. PALMOLIVE KEEPS SKIN SOFTER, SMOOTHER, BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. REMOVES COSMETICS BETTER, TOO... AND YOU KNOW WHAT EMIL, THAT FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALIST TOLD YOU!

What Emil Rohde, famous Chicago beauty specialist, told Betty's mother about Palmolive!

"Because it is made with olive oil, Palmolive has a special protective quality all its own. Its gentle, soothing lather protects the natural 'youth-giving' oils which feed and nourish the skin. Without these oils, skin becomes dry, rough, old-looking. With them it stays soft, smooth, young!"

Emil Rohde

PALMOLIVE CERTAINLY DID MAKE MY SKIN YOUNGER! YOUR FATHER SAYS I LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT WOMAN!
MOTHER, LET'S BOTH ENTER THAT WONDERFUL CONTEST RIGHT NOW!

HOW EASY THAT WAS! ...I'VE GOT A GRAND CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF THOSE WONDERFUL TRIPS TO EUROPE, OR $1000 IN CASH!.. WHY DON'T YOU ENTER? YOU MIGHT BE A WINNER, TOO! AND PALMOLIVE IS SURE TO BRING YOU A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

PALMOLIVE, THE BEAUTY SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, INVITES YOU TO ENTER THIS $120,000 CONTEST! RULES ARE SO SIMPLE AND EASY. *Anyone can win!*

HERE'S HOW TO WIN

1. Any man, woman or child in the United States may enter (except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and families).

2. Here's all you do. Just write a short letter starting with the words "I like Palmolive Soap because..."

3. Entries will be judged only on clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Submit as many entries as you like.

4. Each entry must be accompanied by the black bands from 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies).

5. Print full name and address on *each* entry; also name and address of dealer and clerk from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.

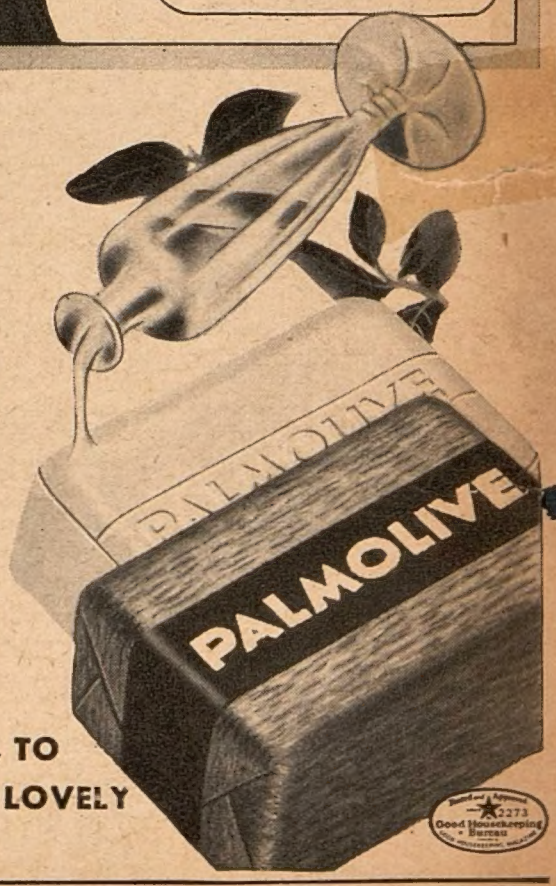
6. Mail entries to Palmolive, Dept. M-42, Jersey City, N.J.

7. Contest closes June 15, 1936. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.

8. Judges' decisions are final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries become property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

★ ★

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 100,000 beautiful complexion brushes, worth $1.00 each!



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN YOUNG AND LOVELY

My Heroine

A MESSAGE FOR EVERY MOTHER IN THE WORLD

by MARY PICKFORD

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DEAR MOTHERS EVERYWHERE:

Liberty's editor has asked me to write a message of appreciation and gratitude for Mother's Day, dedicated to you; and how better can I express what the day means to me than to talk with you about my own mother?

Mother's Day was a gay, laughter-filled date on the calendar when she was here. I can see her so plainly—bustling about like a plump little partridge, arranging the flowers and admiring the gifts her children and nieces and grandchildren had brought her. Not that she hadn't plenty of attention from us at all times; but this day had a special significance to her, as it has to all mothers—it was definitely set aside to honor her.

Mama was a round little woman with silky blue-black hair, the sunniest of Irish smiles, and small gentle hands that were forever busy. In her home she loved sunlight and crisp ruffled curtains and bowls of simple garden flowers; she gloried in shining cleanliness and laughter; and her great passion was for children. Never can I remember her passing any child by without some loving word or look or touch. It distressed her terribly to see a baby held improperly, and many are the times on the street and in shops when I stood on tenterhooks while Mama earnestly instructed some amazed young parent in the art of supporting her infant's back in the correct manner. "A hand at the base of the spine and the other at the nape of the neck is how it should be done," she'd insist. "For how else can the poor darling be comfortable?"

My mother was left a widow when I, her eldest, was barely four. My father had been a salaried man, and with his going the problem of keeping her little family together challenged all Mama's small strength. The years that followed, when she knew poverty and struggle, must have tried her almost beyond endurance. Yet through anxiety and sickness those steady blue eyes never lost their courage, and always her gentle arms encircled Lottie and Jack and me. Looking backward, I can recall intervals when she must have been inwardly terrified; yet she'd laugh and hold us close and tell us stories to keep her own fears away. She was a born mimic with the most infectious of laughs; and no matter how hard the going, she faced it with her gorgeous sense of humor.

It is natural that young children should accept without question the love and care and sacrifices made for them. And so it was not until I was five that I began really to appreciate my mother. I heard her admit to my aunt that there was no money to pay an importunate landlord. I realized that she was in trouble. And in that instant a deep love and responsibility toward her was born in me. I went to lean against her knee and I asked her how long it would be before I would be grown up enough to help her.

Her eyes filled with swift tears when she answered: "Hold up your two little hands, darling. There. When you are as many more years as you have fingers, you shall help Mama."

In ten more years, she'd promised. But from that time forward my mind concentrated on the thought that I must come to her aid. I told myself that it was no longer right for me to play; I'd go to my favorite hiding place under the kitchen table, where the red-checked cloth hung down to conceal me, and there I'd meditate in some strange baby way.

During this period I'd often catch Mama watching me with a worried air. There is an old Irish tale that the Little People sometimes replace a human infant with an elf child; but if the parents suspect this and heat the coal shovel in the embers until it glows red, the Little People must bring back the true child and carry away the changeling. Sometimes when my aunt would catch Mama looking at me with that bewildered expression she'd say, "Yes, Charlotte; I'd redden the shovel for that one, all right." But Mama would laugh and reply, "She's fey, without a doubt. But I think I'll keep her." How she must have wished she could give us the life of normal children! But I was only a few months over five when financial necessity finally forced her to start me on my career as a child actress.

You will understand this when you realize how difficult it was in those days in Canada for a woman to find work outside the home. Mama was a fine seamstress, and she had been earning our living with her needle. But for all her beautiful handwork—sometimes she sewed with tiny stitches as much as thirty and forty yards of lace on tiers of ruffles—she seldom earned more than two dollars a day, and then only a few days a week.

One of my earliest games was to sit beside her in the boxlike cover of the old sewing machine and pretend I was sailing the ocean in a boat.

Sometimes when Mama must work at night to finish a garment I would stand by the machine to steady the lamp vibrating to the treadle worked by her weary little feet. I, too, would grow very tired. But the sharing of those hours forged a bond of loving understanding that could never be broken. And looking backward I am grateful for the lean years that showed me my mother's valiant soul.

Strange as it may seem, the happiest Christmas we ever knew came in that desperate time. In later years, when fame and fortune had visited us, we often spoke of it. Perhaps it impressed us so deeply because we seemed to have experienced a miracle on the little Christ child's birthday.

As the holiday time had approached, Lottie and I had talked constantly of the dolls and doll carriages we had requested of Santa Claus. It never occurred to us that he could disappoint two little girls who had tried so hard to be good. And Mama's anxiety must have been tragic. After she had sewed all day she would work far into the night embroidering a screen for which a shopkeeper had agreed to exchange two doll carriages. But where were the dolls to be conjured from?

Finally Christmas Eve arrived, and my tiny Irish grandmother and Mama tried to make themselves believe that the carriages alone would delight us. Mama said she had prayed all day that we'd be able to forget the

Mother Pickford—"I can see her so plainly!"—and Mary.

dolls as well as the fact that there was no Christmas dinner. And then, just after we'd all been put to bed, a knock came at the door, and Mama found one of my father's friends standing there. He had come from a business meeting of his lodge to which my father had belonged. That night they had decided to share a small surplus on their books with the widows and children of deceased members; and he handed her a ten-dollar bill.

Mama was a proud little woman. She seldom asked favors, nor did she expect money she hadn't earned. But since it was a lodge to which my father had long paid dues, she felt it was proper to accept. She said a million dollars could have seemed no bigger. And breathlessly, her heart singing, she hurried into her hat and coat and dashed out into the night in the hope of finding a toy store that was still open.

It was some time before she finally discovered a small shop, but the only dolls they had were not dressed. Undaunted, she marketed for a good dinner for the next day, then hurried home with her precious bundles; and she and my grandmother worked until dawn to fashion little clothes for the dolls. At six in the morning Lottie and I came running out in our flannel nighties to see what Santa had brought. And it must have banished all the weariness in Mama's eyes to see our joy at the completely satisfactory answer to our desires.

Despite our circumstances, Mama always contrived to keep her three children daintily and exceedingly well dressed. People sometimes accused her of being extravagant; but she'd just smile and say, "They won't always be young. I'm going to give them every nice thing I can, so that they'll remember a happy childhood." She could make a dollar go further than any one I have ever known.

Once she managed to buy at wholesale price some coarse gray fur. It was badly tanned, and I shall never forget how patiently she scraped and stretched it and later worked it into two little coats, with hats, muffs, and gauntlets to match, for Lottie and me. Her determined little hands were pricked and bleeding from working with the stiff hide. But the small garments were finally completed and sent to us when we were away on our first tour of one-night stands. Jack had been ill, so that Mama was forced to remain behind to care for him. And it seemed almost like seeing her again when her homesick babies unpacked the box and found the little outfits. How proud Lottie and I were of Mama's brave handiwork! Remembering the long hours she had spent in fashioning these creations, we could never be hired to sit down in them, for fear of wearing the fur.

Later, when Jack was stronger, Mama joined our company. And though the one-night stands were hard going, I shall never forget the thrill of hurrying home from the matinee, dashing into some tiny furnished room where a gas ring was the only culinary equipment, and clamoring hungrily like three peeping blond chicks for the dinner we knew Mama could assemble with her magic touch. Without even taking the time to remove her hat, she'd wash her hands, tie a clean towel about her waist, and start peeling potatoes. Our favorite dish we called "heavenly hash"—and oh, how delicious it was! Served piping hot, it was made of round steak, green peppers, onions, and diced potatoes. And no food I have tasted in the world's finest restaurants has ever seemed quite so satisfying.

In Mother's time women knew little of the study of child psychology as such; yet she seemed naturally to understand and adapt herself to the three of us according to the personality of each. What was more, she maintained discipline and kept our respect without ever seeming old to us. "Age," she'd say, "is only experienced youth." Lottie and Jack loved to play like boisterous little kittens with her in what they called "roughhousing." But, for some reason, I could never bear to see her treated like that even in fun. And she treated me with the gentle dignity that she knew I preferred.

There was little preaching in our family. But Mama believed that a child should be taught consideration for others. A complete law to govern one's life, she'd say, lay in the simple words, "Have confidence and hope; and above all, be kind." She urged us to be polite; and I can hear her saying, as she often did, "It doesn't matter what the station in life is, darling; we're all human beings. So take the trouble to say good morning and good night to people. Go out of your way to be nice."

Mama loved pretty feminine clothes. Rose was her favorite color. And though in our young years she seldom had more than one dress, she later loved to discuss clothes with us and always tried to wear the things we admired.

The Pickfords in Canada. Mary is the little girl at left, Lottie the one at right, Jack is on the steps, Mother Pickford before the door. Right: Mother, Jack, and Mary in Hollywood years later.

She was wise to do that, I think. She gave us the feeling that she depended on our counsel and valued our opinions; and we loved her for it. Sometimes she would study me anxiously and ask, "Do you wish you had a nice tall slim mother who could wear clothes well?" And to her beaming delight I would cry indignantly, "Never! I want my own plump cuddly little mother!"

Sometimes the little Pickfords were maddeningly naughty; and yet Mama never knowingly punished us unjustly. Her most effectual method with me was to make me ashamed of whatever I had done; and she had her way to meet Lottie's and Jack's needs. Shortly after my father's death her most cherished possession was an ebony piano. And one day, when she was out looking for work, I planned a happy surprise for her return. I had been playing with a box of pink chalk; and slowly, laboriously, by wetting the chalk in my mouth and smearing it on the ebony, I began to change the beautiful piano into a pink monster.

I HAD done a pretty thorough job when I finally gave up and fell into an exhausted sleep. I was wakened by a horrified gasp, and opened my eyes to see Mama standing frozen before my handiwork. When she burst into tears my disappointment knew no bounds. Of course it wasn't as good a job as I could have done if I'd had more time, I explained; but I knew she'd like a nice pink piano better than a black one. I was very serious about my achievement. And realizing this, that dear good little sport covered her own dismay and told me not to mind her tears. She knew, she said, that I had meant to be kind; but she suggested that after that it might be wise to consult her before I started renovating the furniture.

Another time, however, I didn't escape so lightly. Mother had a favorite yellow scarf, a present from her dearest girl friend. It was bordered with a fringe of round little floss balls reminiscent of the fuzzy curls on my own small head. One day, after I had been playing in the yard and had come into the house with very soiled hands, the scarf caught my roving eyes. Wetting my fingers, I began to twist the little balls as Mother did my curls, and I kept at it until there was an entire border of hard little soiled lumps.

When Mother arrived on the scene she found the havoc accomplished. And before I realized what was happening, Lottie, who had been found nearest the scarf, had been punished for the crime. Frightened, I was afraid of what would overtake me if I confessed. But in the end I went to Mama and explained that the fault was mine. I'll never forget my gratitude when she didn't hold it too much against me. At once she made amends to Lottie, and because I had told the truth she forgave me. "Always tell the truth, dear," she said. "Remember, you can lock from a thief, but never from a liar."

I could go on for hours recalling her gaiety, her courage, her patience, her tenderness through all our childish illnesses and our grownup tragedies. She was not only our mother but our very dearest and best friend. It doesn't need a national holiday to make me remember all her dearnesses; but I am happy on this Mother's Day to tell them to the other mothers and daughters who will understand how much she meant to me.

I LIKE the idea of a day dedicated to mothers. Some people may believe it is the commercial interests who advertise it in order to stimulate the sale of flowers and gifts and the sending of telegrams. But what of it? The object is a good one, isn't it? What blesses one blesses all. A habit of consideration and tender thought is implanted. And thousands who may not have written their people in months will send a word home.

Last Mother's Day eve I happened to be in a telegraph office; and as I waited I studied the faces of the endless line coming to file their messages. Rich men, poor men, beggar men, chiefs, they came. And a little incident I witnessed proved to me the wisdom of this day. The clerk behind the counter was a harried-looking man, probably weary from hours of standing on his feet. He was civil enough, of course, but he certainly wasn't cordial. Presently, a shabby, shifty-eyed young man came to file a message. It was discovered that he was six cents short of the required charges. One glance at the hard-faced clerk and he said gruffly, "O. K., buddy. Skip it!" and turned away. But to his amazement—and mine—the clerk called him back and, reaching into his own pocket, put out the six cents.

"What's the idea?" the shifty-eyed one demanded.

"It's to your mother, isn't it?" the other barked back. And then he added in a softer tone, "Go on, hand me that message. I only wish my mother was still here to send one to." And for an instant I saw a recognition of their brotherhood flash from the eyes of those two men—something noble that far transcended their mere human consciousness. For they had experienced a like emotion at the same time—and for that small space they had understood one another.

All this is why I love Mother's Day. It is an interval of tender remembrance when a flood of loving thoughts are let loose on a parched earth. Love is the most potent of all forces. And who knows how much human greed and hatred and strife this one good day may neutralize? Mothers stand for peace, you know. They are its symbol: peacemakers in the home—the stabilizers of youth. Some day I hope they'll unite in a great international band; and when they do they'll very quickly settle the problem of puffy-chested dictators and munition manufacturers and stirrers of dissension in general. One day we'll all appreciate the power that lies in a belief in the Fatherhood of God and the motherhood of women—and in that day we'll know the true brotherhood of man.

THE END

IN MANY of the great private wine cellars of pre-Prohibition days, you would find a goodly supply of Paul Jones Whiskey.

And again today, as these great cellars are being reborn, you will find once more that Paul Jones Whiskey has an honored place among the liquors there.

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A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

Paul Jones is a blend of straight whiskies—and that means all whiskey!

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Paul Jones, Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THE beautifully groomed blue-uniformed young man behind the ticket window spoke into the telephone with just the proper amount of regret.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but Number Four West is sold out. . . . No, sir, I don't expect a cancellation. . . . Yes, sir, I'll be very glad to inform you if there is a cancellation. . . . No, sir, I do not think there will be a second section to Chicago. . . . Yes, sir, there is another plane at seven P. M. . . . Yes, sir, I can give you a seat on that. . . . Yes, sir! And I'm very sorry about Number Four West, sir, but every seat was sold early this morning."

On the field, beyond the low barrier which separated the sidewalk in front of the Administration Building from the passenger-loading station, Bill Shore, co-pilot, stood dejectedly, his hands rammed down into the pockets of his blue-uniform pants and scowled at an infinite ceiling and an infinite visibility.

Pilots, even co-pilots, and air lines exult in such weather, but Bill Shore scowled.

"The trouble with this racket," he told Pete Carr grouchily, "is that there ain't no future in it. There ain't no nothin'."

Pete Carr grinned. He was pilot on Number Four West, his regular run. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, looking across the field to where the hangar crew was putting the finishing touches on the big Douglas air liner. The ship stood in the sunlight.

"What you need," said Carr without taking his eyes from the sleek low-winged silhouette of his ship, "is a good stiff dose of bicarbonate of soda. I can recognize the symptoms."

"Well, there ain't!" defended Co-pilot Shore disgustedly. "What a life! Express run. Leave Newark at six in the afternoon, horsing that big tomato crate over there to Chicago. Sleep in Chi overnight. Leave the next morning, horsing another big tomato crate back to Newark. What excitement! What thrills! Worse than bein' one of those tin rabbits the greyhounds chase around the dog tracks. A sky chauffeur—that's all it is. A yes-man sky chauffeur. There ain't no future in it, I tell you."

Carr's eyes narrowed. From across the field in front of the hangar came the sound of a starter, the low-pitched moaning whine, and the sucking grunt of the left-wing motor turning over. Then the bark of the motor hitting.

"It's better than walking around in the hot sun," he told Shore without looking at him. "It's a job."

It was always a serious moment to Carr when his ship rolled over the field—even taxiing—with some one else at the controls.

"Job!" complained Shore. "That's all it is. And what a job! Sitting in a damned seat with a pair of earphones clamped over your dome, listening to a radio

and Unlimited

A Stirring Story of Love and a Strange Adventure in the Sky . . . with a Twist and a Buoyant Shock of Surprise Where You Will Be Least Expecting It

by GEORGE BRUCE

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

Pete smiled at her politely. "I'll just take your ticket, miss," he said, "and you can go aboard."

beam. Listen. I been on this run two years and I ain't seen no future yet. I'll be here another five years, and maybe I'll be moved over to the left-hand seat—and I still won't see no future. Just lugging around a bunch of guys with egg on their vests who are lamming it to Chicago to beat other guys to some business deal. If we're lucky enough to catch a swell-lookin' million-dollar baby on this run—she's with somebody else. Future! That's a lot of horse collar to me."

A little grin moved Peter Carr's mouth. He was still watching the slowly moving ship as it rolled up to the loading walk.

"Listen, Big Moment. You wouldn't know a future if she came up and bopped you under the chin," he told Shore.

"Who wouldn't? Listen. You let one of those little fairy princesses lose her way and stumble aboard this crate, and I'll put on a Prince Charming that'll knock her eye out."

"Come on," interrupted Carr. "Let's go. Five minutes."

They walked over to the streamlined side of the ship.

The mechanical voice of the p. a. system droned:

"Transcontinental Air Lines—Number Four West. Departing at six P. M. Connecting at Chicago with planes for the Far West and Southwest. All aboard!"

The passenger gate opened. The armed guards put the mail aboard. A porter came out of the passenger waiting room carrying a single piece of airplane luggage—a flat suitcase with orange stripes. He stowed it aboard.

The girl following him gave him a quarter. She stood, hesitating.

Pete Carr smiled at her politely. "I'll just take your ticket, miss," he said, "and you can go aboard. Seat Number One—up forward, first seat on the left. I think it's the best seat on the ship. Always sit there myself when I'm riding." He read from the ticket she gave him: "'Chicago—connecting with—*Reno.*'" He lifted his eyes quickly, glanced at her face with frank curiosity.

It was a very beautiful face. Little strands of jet-black hair were visible under her close-fitting hat. She was in a white-serge sports outfit with a blouse of maroon silk under the jacket. She was shod in flat-heeled white buckskin. Her eyes were brown and soft. Her mouth was red, mobile. Her nose had a tiny tilt. She wore white-buck gauntlets and carried a white-leather purse.

"That's right," she said. Her voice had a husky deep-toned quality. "Am I—the only passenger?"

Carr looked around. He nodded his head. "Looks that way. It doesn't make you nervous, does it?"

"Oh, no!" she assured him. But there was in her voice a little quaver. Then her shoulders were suddenly straightened.

Pete Carr escorted her inside the plane, settled her in Number One, adjusted the safety belt across her knees.

"Merely until we get off the ground," he told her. "Then you can take it off. There's not a thing to be nervous about."

Her eyes looked at his face. "Thank you," she said gratefully. She turned her face, looked out of the window. After a moment she touched her eyes with a handkerchief of ridiculous size—touched them with dainty little dabs. She missed one tear. It ran down over her cheek and fell off the point of her chin—down on to the white bag in her lap.

Bill Shore settled himself in the right-hand seat.

"Say!" he demanded of Carr. "I thought we were all sold out on this trip—all the seats taken?"

"We are."

"Well—what the hell! We're going empty!"

"That, my son, belongs to the front office. All we do is take Number Four to Chi—"

"She's crying," said Shore suddenly. "She's sitting there, looking out the window—as if she wasn't ever going to see the world again, and crying. This is going to be a hell of a trip!"

"Why don't you marry the gal, Romeo?" asked Carr.

"Aw—you go to hell!"

A tall hatless man in summer tweeds came out of the passenger waiting room, strode toward the ship. Carr got out of his seat, went back to the door to meet him, took his ticket.

He put him in the last seat on the right. "You can change if you wish, sir," he told him—"any place you want to sit."

The second passenger looked at Carr. "This will do, I guess," he said tonelessly.

He was bronzed, deep-chested, with an unruly thatch of chestnut hair. The odor of pipe tobacco clung to his tweeds. His eyes were gray. He had a fighting chin, big ears, a firm good-natured mouth, high forehead, straight nose, and strong-fingered hands.

Carr went back to the pilot's seat. He glanced toward the control tower. The electric clock showed six on the dot. The getaway signal came from the tower. He waved a nonchalant farewell to the towerman, reached for the throttles, opened them. The motors picked up eagerly. The brakes were released. The big ship rolled upfield, turned, faced into the wind, poised itself. . . .

The deep-toned voice seemed to fall upon Seat One passenger out of empty space.

"Mind if I sit here?"

She looked up, startled for an instant, and for another instant her eyes were opened wide and she stared, with fright, surprise, and almost panic in the stare. Then the eyes were merely curious as she glanced at his face.

"Of course not," she said indifferently. "Why should I?"

He settled himself in Seat Two, across the aisle from her, so near that his shoulder almost brushed against her arm. He studied her face with frankly appraising eyes. The lines about his mouth seemed to deepen.

"Going far?" he asked. And for an instant the corners of his mouth moved in an incipient smile, but the smile faded quickly.

She looked at him, her eyes passing over his face slowly. Her voice came out of her chest.

"To the end of the world—I think," she said strangely. "Perhaps over the end of the world."

He was looking at the sunset. "It's rather beautiful, isn't it? Looking at it from up here? The angels must see it this way every day. Must look down at the earth as we are looking down on it. Must see how tiny men appear—how tiny and insignificant are the things they do and the buildings they build. Must look at us the way we look at ants. I'm afraid we aren't a particularly impressive sight—to the angels."

She stared out of the window. "At times—we aren't so impressive to ourselves—are we?"

"At times—" he said. There was a long interval of silence, during which he watched the contours of her profile.

He fumbled in his pocket, found a pipe, tamped it full of tobacco.

"Mind if I smoke—this?"

Her mouth smiled. "Of course not," she told him.

HE held a match over the bowl and puffed until the pipe was drawing well. She watched him. Watched the movements of his fingers and the frown of concentration on his forehead and the way the flaring match illuminated his face. She turned her head quickly—back to the sunset.

"Chicago?" he asked.

She nodded. "Chicago—and another plane—west."

"Far?"

"Reno."

There was a queer stillness hovering over them.

"Oh," he said—"Reno?"

"Yes—Reno," she repeated. Her eyes looked at him steadily. "I'm going there—to divorce my—husband."

A blue cloud of smoke obscured his face. "You're flying—it's so desperate? Speeding wings—toward freedom. Is that it?"

She lowered her head. "The most merciful way to perform an operation is to do it swiftly—swift incision—swift cut—swift decision."

The silence brooded over them again.

"I didn't know—" he began. He stopped suddenly; made a new start. "I came up here—from my own seat back there—because—well, I couldn't keep from looking at you—and you seemed—well—very lonely—as if you needed some one to talk to."

A hard lump in her throat moved. "Thank you," she said, so low it might have been a whisper. "I was lonely—I did need some one to talk to—desperately."

"So do I," he told her. "Perhaps just as desperately. Ships are strange. Absolute strangers meet for a few hours, unburden souls, disembark, never see each other again. I wonder—airplanes are called ships, aren't they? Do you suppose wings on a ship make a difference?"

"I—don't think so," she smiled. The smile broke over her face and seeped into her eyes.

"I thought a woman on her way to freedom—after she has decided she wants freedom—goes in joy, looking forward to new happiness—new adventure—new love."

"Does she?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "Aren't you?"

Her eyes settled on his face. The sunset was fading. In the sky the hand of God played with light and color as the hand of man might have played with sound from a grand organ.

"NO," she said somberly. "It's like going to exile forever in a strange land, leaving behind everything—a land with no future—only a past."

Suddenly the light was entirely gone. There was merely a red glow against the far western sky. And through that gathering darkness the steady drone of the motors.

"It's like that!" she said breathlessly. "One minute there is light and beauty. And the next minute—darkness—nothing!"

His face was lost in the darkness.

"I know," said his voice. "I've felt that, too—one minute light—life—everything. The next, black darkness, hopelessness, a terrible gnawing, hungry feeling in the chest that goes on and on—everything comes to an end."

Silence. Then her voice. A voice with a little shudder.

"One wonders if the light will ever come back—or if it will always be darkness. One listens for the voice—the only voice that matters. One's body aches for the touch of hands—the only hands that matter."

There was a little croak in his voice:

"Men—and women—must cause the high gods to laugh! They strain and strive for the nonessentials in life—and trample down the essentials. Man destroys the things he loves—it seems to be his destiny."

"I—was a nonessential," she said softly. "I couldn't bear that—being a nonessential."

"I'm sure—you weren't," he said.

"Oh, but I was!" A fierce something came into her voice. "I was like the morning newspaper, the morning coffee, or the butler in the hall who took my husband's hat when he came home. I awoke out of a dream—the dream in which every woman dwells who is happy with the man she loves—and I suddenly discovered—I was a nonessential."

Her voice broke sharply.

"He looked at me—he smiled at me—he patted me on the shoulder—he even kissed my cheek. But all the while there were other things in his eyes. He spoke to me with his voice—and his mind was busy with the 'essentials.' I could see him—drifting away—farther and farther; more and more of him absorbed by the things which were important to him. There was nothing left of him for me. No minute of the day—or night—when I possessed him wholly. I lost him!"

He was silent.

"If it had been another woman—I could have understood that—and fought for him—fiercely. But I couldn't fight ticker tape. I couldn't fight ringing telephone bells, mergers, Supreme Court decisions. I didn't know how

to fight those things—so they beat me."

His fingers were busy refilling his pipe in the darkness. A match flared, lit his face for an instant.

"And he—your husband — loves you? Don't you think that he'll wake up—cold sweat breaking over him—when he finds you are gone?"

A tinge of bitterness entered her voice. "He'll ask the butler, 'Where is Mrs. Davis, Johnson?' Then the telephone bell will ring and he'll forget all about it. He'll be—so busy with the essentials."

"I don't think so," he said. "I know what it is to wake up like that—panic galloping through me. Tramping through empty rooms—looking for her—and wondering why she had gone. Calling her name—and hearing it come echoing emptily back to me from the walls of the rooms she had made into a home. Seeing the imprint of her body in every chair, the marks of her feet on the rugs. Standing, looking—at empty drawers that had been filled with her clothes. Not quite understanding why she had gone. Only understanding that I had to get her back—quickly. Like a man trapped under water, knowing that he must get to the surface and breathe—or die."

"Don't—please—" she said.

THE little lights set in the cabin walls came on and bathed the cabin in soft light. His face was haggard. There were tears standing in her eyes.

The door to the pilots' cockpit opened. Co-pilot Bill Shore stepped into the cabin. There was a cheerful smile on his face. He looked at the girl. There was admiration—open admiration and the light of hope in his eyes. He stopped beside her seat, fussed over her, shook up her pillow.

"I hope you're enjoying your trip, miss," he said gallantly. "It's as smooth as silk—up to now. Anything I can do for you—drink of water—paper—anything?"

She smiled at him. "No, thank you very much."

Shore turned his head and glanced—no, glared at the man in Seat Two. "How ya making it?" he questioned.

"Quite all right, thanks," said Seat Two.

"Want anything, call me." There was a complete lack of desire in the offer to serve, despite the advertised traditions of Transcontinental Air.

Co-pilot Shore disappeared inside the cockpit, closed the door, shook himself down into his seat.

"I knew it!" he said gloomily to Pilot Carr.

"Knew what, Romeo?" grinned Carr.

"Back there!" growled Shore with a jerk of his head over his shoulder. "That guy works plenty fast. He's up in Two now, chewin' the fat with that swell gal. Probably telling her the story of his life. That's the kind of breaks I get!"

He glowered out of the window, and

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"JANE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. MY LAXATIVE WORKED, YET I STILL FEEL ALL IN. WHILE YOU . . ."
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Carr kept grinning to himself as he held the Douglas on the course through the darkness.

A voice in his earphones said: "Some local disturbances on your course. Not much; couple squalls; get ready. I'll give you the complete report."

"O.K., Newark," answered Carr's business voice. "Shoot."

"I'll take it," said Shore disgustedly. "Gimme something to pass the time away." . . .

"The creatures the angels look down on are a pretty hopeless lot," he said. "We must puzzle those angels most of the time. Take me for example. I always had the idea that a husband's mission in life was to be a good provider. I concentrated on that. So—I lost her. You see, these past few years—haven't been so easy on the good providers. The going has been pretty rough. To escape disaster a man has to stick close to his business—to almost live his business, to bring it home with him at night, to sleep with it and eat with it, or lose it. Men like me have the idea that if things go to pot financially, the whole world and everything in it will go to pot along with the money. They fight grimly to preserve what they have."

Her eyes were looking at the top of his head, at the unruly curling chestnut hair.

"The value of the most valuable things in life are not set by the little figures printed by a stock ticker," she told him. "I prayed—in the nights I lay awake—that it would go to smash—that the whole thing would come crumbling down around his ears—so that I could have him back. Yes, I know what a good provider is! He wants his wife well dressed, well shod, so that other people will look at her and admire her—and envy him. He has her birthday marked down on the calendar pad on his desk, and sends her mountains of flowers and a bracelet for her wrist. He has the date of their anniversary marked the same way, and handles it like a business appointment—never late—never forgotten. I got all of that. Women looked at me and envied me. Men—his friends—looked at me the way I wished he'd look at me."

"So you just—walked out."

Her face was white. She nodded. "I just walked out."

"Without telling him?"

"Without telling him. I could never make him understand. He merely would have looked at me. He would have had a hurt look in his eyes. And I would have lost the courage—the courage not to be a nonessential."

She looked out the window through the darkness, down to where tiny lights twinkled like distant fireflies. Lights—little clusters of vague illumination like luminous toadstools upon a black earth. Above, the stars gleamed like diamonds resting upon a cushion of black velvet.

And the endless droning of the motors.

"Sometimes something happens to blast people out of being—just humans," he said strangely. "It comes—like a man in the face of death who sees the events of his life run off like a motion-picture film. He sees errors—ghastly things which make him understand true values—true essentials and true nonessentials. Only, when that film unwinds for him, it is too late—he has no chance to correct the mistakes."

"You mean—death comes for him—for her?"

He nodded gravely. "In the face of death—we know—"

His voice trailed away, then lifted again. "If we could only come face to face with death and watch the film of our life, and then live again—to do better—"

A little shudder passed over her. "I wouldn't want him to come face to face with death—even for me; even if it brought him back; even if it made me something more to him again than a nonessential."

He stared at her. "And you're going to—Reno with things like that in your heart?"

She lifted her chin again. "Yes," she said. And there was finality in that single word. . . .

Co-pilot Shore said: "Here's where we hit the rough air for a while. The report puts line squalls over this area."

The big metal wings of the Douglas hit a bump and bounced up a hundred feet. The ship staggered, dipped its wings in rapid succession, leveled off, plunged through disturbed space.

"You're telling me?" grinned Carr. He shook the controls free. "Here you go, Romeo. Try your skill. Take her for a couple of minutes. I want to stretch the legs. I'll make a tour of the back room. And, for the love of Pete, stay on the beam."

"You go to hell!" invited Shore peevishly. "I can fly this crate as well as you, and you know it; and I've got just as many hours—even if you do sit in the left seat—"

Carr got stiffly out of his seat, stretched, clung to the back of the seat as the ship pitched again, glanced at the artificial horizon and the tachometer, opened the cockpit door, stepped out into the cabin smiling.

He looked at his passengers. He fastened the belt across the girl's knees. He smiled at her reassuringly.

"Nothing at all," he told her. "Just entering an area where the air is a little rough. We may bounce a couple of times, and it may be uncomfortable for a few minutes, but that's all."

He looked at her face. Then he was leaning over the male passenger. "I'll fasten it for you, sir," he told him, sliding the strap through the catch. "Heat against cooler air; result, bumps. Don't be alarmed. You may see a few flashes of heat lightning before we get through the area, but—"

"I'm not alarmed in the least," said the man quietly.

Carr went back into the cockpit.

"Tuck 'em in?" asked Shore.

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"You bet—all snug and secure."

"How's he doin'?"

"Who?"

"Who? Hell, your feet don't fit *no* limb! The guy out there--with the gal—"

"He's still there," grinned Carr. "And so is she. They seem to be doing all right."

"You mean he's doing all right. Just what I figured. He'll probably have her all dated up by the time we hit Chi," gloomed Shore.

"Won't do him any good; she's going to Reno."

"Reno?" echoed Shore. "You mean she's married?"

"Well, up to now she is."

"Well, I'll be! She's too good-looking to be married *and* going to Reno. Her old man must be an awful chump. Say! There's a run I'd like to have! Reno! Boy, when the dames get aboard for Reno could I soothe their bruised and battered feelings? Could I put those pillows under those heads bowed down in sorrow! Reno! What a place to spend the layovers! Now that would be my idea of something worthwhile in this screwy job. Reno! Boy, wouldn't I—"

The liner ran into a swirl of rain. It battered against the window like machine-gun slugs. An updraft swept the big ship up with a fierce surge.

"Gimme!" grinned Carr. "You sit back and think about Reno. I'll fly her."

THE stars were gone. There was inky blackness outside the windows. The lights in the cabin were off. Now and then a fitful flash of lightning illumined them for an instant. He saw that her face was white and drawn and that her hands were tightly clasped in her lap.

A crash of vicious thunder sounded over the heavy drone of the motors, sounded dully, like the concussion of a far-off explosion, and the white streak of following lightning ripped a jagged incision into the black belly of the night.

The big ship shuddered, put its head down, and plowed through the squall. The wings rocked and the cabin was suddenly filled with creaking noises of stress. The rain beat against the windows. The wind howled and whistled and wrestled with the sleek sides of the transport. The sigh of air rushing through the ventilators added a new, weird note to the noises. The wings battered against the air currents—battered hard, shattered them, lifted and fell, sagged, seemed to lose momentum, picked up speed again, battered ahead.

"Afraid?" he asked softly. His head, as he leaned over the side of his seat, was very close to hers.

Her voice came out of the darkness. "No," she said. "I don't think so. I was thinking of what you said about —face to face with death. This is something like it. The quiet and the still air was like life, and then--sud-

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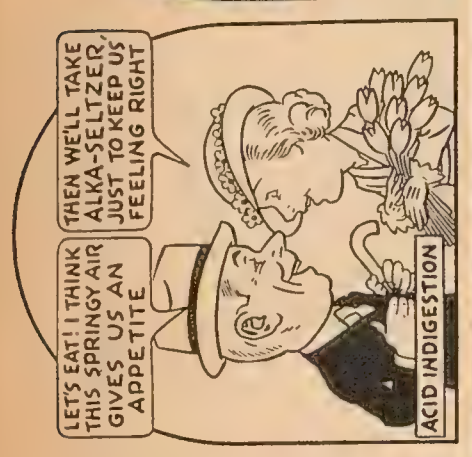
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ACID INDIGESTION

THE STORM IS O'ER AND WHAT IS MORE THE SUN'S OUT BRIGHT AND GAY
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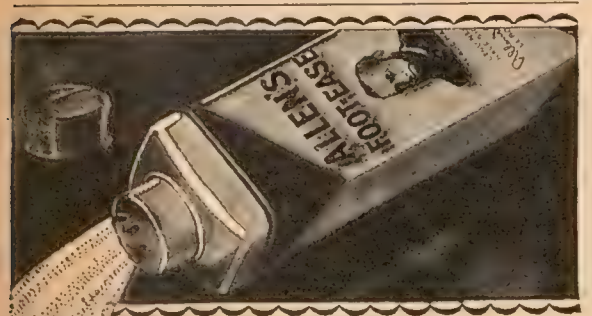

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denly—storm, and the lightning slashing and the thunder rolling and the rain beating so terribly. It seems like death assaulting life."

The Douglas surged drunkenly. A wing cocked itself high. The ship slipped sharply to the left. A little scream ripped itself from her throat. The seats whirled dizzily. The nose of the ship went down, the universe spun—with the inside of the cabin for an axis—fell and fell with a stomach-twisting rush, whirled crazily like a chip on a torrent. The droning motors sobbed and fought for life.

Her hands snatched at him. Her scream seared his consciousness. Her hands held fast to him.

Down—plunging into the black void. Down into nothingness, bodies tumbling headlong through space.

Her face was crushed against his cheek. Her mouth pressed close to his ear.

Words poured from her mouth. Babbled words—rushing up out of her soul, as if she must utter them before death quenched them.

"It *is* it!" she moaned. "This is it—the instant you wanted—with the film unwinding—showing us life! Look at it—while we go—together! I can see—inside my own heart. Can you see inside my heart?"

"I can see—now!" he whispered. His arms were crushing her against him.

"We were so foolish—so very foolish. It was so precious—the things we had. I didn't understand—you didn't understand. Darling, we're going—together, and I'm glad—glad! I couldn't have gone alone. I would have been afraid. But I'm not afraid—and it's like a glory in my soul—not being afraid—being with you—having you back!"

He held her in his arms.

"Darling!" she cried. "Kiss me—until it happens—until—we go! I'm sorry—for everything I didn't understand. I'm sorry—for everything you didn't understand. I'd go back—if we could—even to be a non-essential—anything."

Her mouth clung to his.

THE cabin floor surged under them, seemed to be trying to drive them through its surface. The diving wings came up with a smooth rush. The wings went level. There was the murmur of far-off thunder and the pale flash of distant lightning.

And then there were stars—stars! Strewing the sky—millions of stars—with a rising moon bathing the heights in a silvery radiance. And the shuddering of the ship was gone. There was only smooth powerful motion.

He said gently: "Sometimes—if one desires a thing very much, it happens. Like having the film run—being able to look at it—to have the shadow of death pass over—but to live again."

She sobbed, her face buried in his neck. "I love you so," she said, over and over. . . .

Co-pilot Shore turned loose his clutch on the sides of his seat, sat bolt upright, his face white and his eyes glassy.

"Say!" he snapped in righteous indignation. "For a guy who is supposed to be the hottest pilot on the line you sure showed your stuff that time! What the hell do you mean kicking hell out of the ship and putting on a performance like that—for a little puff of wind? Are you batty? They'd snatch your head off at headquarters if they found out about that stunting exhibition with passengers. Cripes! I'm still swallowing my supper. I better go back and see if the passengers are still alive—they're probably scared to death, and I don't blame 'em."

"Stay where you are," ordered Pilot Carr. There was a little smile on his face, and his eyes were staring strangely dead ahead. "When a guy buys out a whole trip just to try to show his wife he's still in love with her, he deserves a little co-operation—even from T. A. L. I just gave him that little co-operation. When I went back there a couple of minutes ago—I looked at 'em both—and that's all they needed."

"WHAT the hell are you talking about?"

"Look, Romeo," begged Carr. "The little lady in Seat One—her name is Mrs. Richard Davis."

"And so you put a Douglas in a spiral and scared hell out of her—an' me—because her name is Mrs. Richard Davis!" mocked Shore.

"Hell, no!" grinned Pilot Carr. "I picked out a flash of lightning and a bounce and gave the ship a couple of twists because—the name of the gentleman sitting beside her is Mr. Richard Davis, and that ought to make sense—even in your thick skull. I just gave 'em a little of that future you're always crabbing about and looking for—"

A voice in the earphones said: "Chicago calling Number Four West. Report position, please. Chicago calling Number Four West."

"Number Four West answering Chicago," spoke Pilot Carr into his transmitter. "Altitude three thousand, on the beam, coming in, about twenty miles east of the field. Chicago weather, please."

"Chicago to Number Four West. Ceiling unlimited, visibility unlimited. Come on in. It's all clear. I'm watching for you."

"Number Four West to Chicago: Off."

"Chicago to Number Four West: Off."

Pilot Carr lifted his face from the transmitter, glanced at Co-pilot Shore. He grinned. "No future!" he mocked. "No excitement! Hell, fella! You're going to have a sweet time when the flight surgeon checks you for renewal of your ticket!"

"Why, smart guy, why?"

"Because you don't see so good—that's why!"

THE END

WHITHER HITLER? WHITHER EUROPE? WHITHER AMERICA?

A Hope for Peace— and a Well Informed Fear of War to Come

by COLONEL
E. M. HOUSE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE world at large, and Europe in particular, are still in the throes of something akin to social revolution. The sad part of the situation is that when every country needs all its resources—mental, moral, and physical—to bring order out of chaos, they are spending billions on armaments to kill one another. There is not only economic madness in the world but a panic of fear, and these, working together, bid fair to destroy our present-day civilization.

All one can do at the moment is to take a wide view of the situation and not undertake to particularize. Only an optimist would trust his knowledge of current affairs to the extent of predicting whether there is to be peace or war in the immediate future, or, if war, what will be the alignments. With much hesitation, I have for a long time expressed my belief that war is not imminent, and yet I realize that before this article is published a large part of the world may be in a death struggle. I have based my prediction on the fact that the people themselves want peace. In many countries they desire it to such an extent that the heads of governments are fearful that a major part of the population would refuse to fight.

Because of this desire for peace, certain nations, feeling that they have not been fairly treated in the distribution of raw materials, have undertaken a great game of *bluff*, even to the extent of asserting that if their demands are not granted, force to the limit of their strength will follow. Again, my personal opinion is that if their bluff were called they would yield or compromise to such an extent that war might be avoided.

The United States is practically the only great nation that does not have a sense of fear. Our people want peace and demand that we shall do nothing that may involve us in war. A large majority do not wish either a large army or navy, because they consider it a waste of money and a forerunner of higher taxes. They also believe that it would promote war rather than prevent it.

When President Wilson was elected in 1912 we thought a general European war was clearly in the offing. We thought also of the possibility of our becoming involved. The one way out for us seemed to be a large navy and a reserve army.

The President asked General Wood, who was then Commandant of Governors Island, to draw up a feasible plan. The general did it admirably and the President accepted it. The first thing he did was to obtain an estimate of its cost. To his astonishment, the total was a billion dollars. Without any argument or further thought, he dropped the matter, for he realized that the Congress would never make such an appropriation—particularly when there was no war in plain sight.

However, he did not let the matter stop there, but he sent me to Europe to see the German, French, and English, to try to convince them of the danger lurking in the near future unless they changed their policies. While these negotiations were in progress the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated.

In the disastrous war that followed, we became involved when our citizens were killed and our rights disregarded and we protested to no purpose. If we had spent that billion dollars for adequate armament, in my opinion we could have kept out of the World War. Saving that billion has cost us untold billions, and the end is not yet.

Washington warned us of "the weakness that invites attack," and that "to be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." Our experience must have taught us the wisdom of his advice.

No one is a more earnest advocate of peace and disarmament than I am. But there can be no disarmament unless it is general. The United States is in a more fortunate position than Europe. We can arm on land and sea and in the air and offend no country.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the only way we can bring the world to its senses and protect our own integrity is to build an adequate army and navy ourselves. We are in a position to build up a war force that could be the most potent instrument for peace in all the world.

IF *all* countries would disband their military forces except those needed to maintain domestic discipline, if they depended upon the World Court and the League of Nations to administer law and justice, a universal feeling of security would prevail.

Meanwhile, to make our own armaments a force for peace, we must build up at the same time, systematically, a powerful organization for peace. As it is, we drift along. When a crisis comes, before we realize it we are at war. But we will not be so easily led into war if on the one hand we build up a powerful peace sentiment, while on the other we make ourselves so strong that our rights will be universally respected. The movements for peace and for preparedness must go together.

The attack of pacifists in this country has been negative and not positive. In Great Britain the fight against war is now positive, and continues to be so despite the apprehensions that were aroused when Hitler's new German army reoccupied the Rhineland. The trend is even more strongly pronounced in the Dominions than in England, Scotland, and Wales. If a general war in Continental Europe should break out, and Great Britain should become involved, it is doubtful whether England would send another military expedition to the Continent. Probably she would content herself with the control of the sea. However, it would be different if that control should be threatened. The central government in England is responsive to popular reaction. It would not dare risk again an adventure like that of 1914 if it could possibly be avoided.

Until all great nations agree to disarm, it is folly for us to do so. Under present conditions, all the United States can do is to arm while joining in a positive drive against war and huge armaments.

THE END

HAVOC in Hollywood

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

FREDDIE GRANT began to burn.

"I know what it's all about!" he said in a loud red voice. "It's Salvador!"

Georgette looked at him over a sack of oranges and out of eyes that slanted like a cat's. She was a whizzy little number, understand, a pint-size edition of Venus in blue Hollywood slacks, and Freddie was nuts about her. They had bumped together in the busy meat market on the corner and the argument started there at precisely 5.49 P. M.

"Just the same," Georgette announced, "I have changed my mind and our date for tonight is off!"

Freddie spluttered, then exploded. "We're engaged!" he roared. "And you don't get away with nothing like this, see?"

Freddie was a prop boy at National Art; Salvador, a full-fledged, youngish, and patent-leather star; and Georgette herself earned sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents each and every week because National Art was making so many musicals that its chorus had to be permanent.

Georgette said, "No, we're not engaged if you keep on shouting at me like that."

"All right, all right!" Freddie shouted. "Just answer me one question: Is it Salvador you're going out with tonight instead of me?"

An enormous cat brushed against Georgette's legs and went disdainfully around an end of the meat counter.

"I'm not answering any shouted questions," Georgette said.

"That Salvador is a louse and his intentions never meant no nice girl no good!" Freddie snarled.

She said, "A star could do me more good any day than a prop boy, I betcha!"

Freddie stared. He could hardly believe his ears. His fury took refuge in ice: "I'm going home! And you can call me up before eight and apologize."

He cooked his own dinner in silence, and ate it. He washed the dishes and sat down and stared at the telephone. He had a radio but no other companionship, not even a dog's. Freddie hated dogs, probably because not one of them would obey his loud angry commands.

Eight o'clock came, and, miraculously, at that exact moment the telephone did ring; but it wasn't Georgette.

The voice of another girl came in a white starched uniform through the wire and told Freddie that Fritz von Berg was asking to see him. Right away. Quick!

Fritz von Berg was an actor-aristocrat. This afternoon his health had been excellent, Freddie knew, because Von Berg had a part in the picture Freddie was working with now. Yet tonight Von Berg was in a hospital and asking for, of all people, Freddie Grant.

Freddie had arrived in the world already equipped with ten brothers and three sisters. The smallest brother grew up exactly six feet tall and weighing exactly two hundred pounds, and all ten of the brothers had discovered that Freddie couldn't take it. They were, and remained, a blustering, rowdy clan, and nowadays they didn't speak to Freddie when they met him on the street. It wasn't a question of Freddie's comparatively smaller size. It was just that yellow worm which they knew crawled inside Freddie's spirit and made him cringe inside from any imaginary results of physical violence. Such, in fact, was the reason why Freddie now lived alone, occupying a small cheap apartment a couple of blocks off Hollywood Boulevard—and the reason he felt so surprised to be summoned by the famous Fritz von Berg.

Von Berg was lying in one of those horrible high hospital beds with his arms out on the coverlet, both arms in plaster casts, and his head was a mass of bandages, and his nose had been broken and his eyes were closed.

"Freddie?" he whispered.

The Rollicking Tale of a Boy and a Girl, the Green-Eyed Monster, and One Small Dog

by ROBERT NEAL LEATH

His leash got tangled between somebody's legs.

"Why, yes, Mr. Von Berg. It's me. It's Freddie."

Von Berg had come from Germany. He had the quiet cultured voice of a gentleman. He said, "Freddie, I am hurt. I wand you to go to my apardment. I save my money, as you know, and I have no servant to take care of liddle Heine. You take him," Fritz von Berg said, "and keep him safe for me."

"Heinie?" gasped Freddie.

A child, doubtless! Von Berg had a child, and now Von Berg was trying to shove a child off on him, Freddie Grant! Freddie the prop boy, Freddie the sucker.

"Yes. The nurse will give you my keys," Von Berg whispered. "Go for Heine at once, please."

"I—"

"Jusd do not spank Heine," the actor said, "for he is very sensitive."

"I—" Freddie again protestingly began, but a nurse came in then and took Freddie out personally.

He bluntly demanded, "Is Von Berg going to die?"

The nurse said professionally, "Mr. Von Berg is doing as well as can be—"

"Nuts!" said Freddie. "What happened to him?"

"You find out," the nurse said, and was gone.

Freddie went straight home. His sleep was troubled and full of nightmares, visions of safety pins and diapers and flat bottles of irradiated milk, complete with nipples.

At the studio there was a new actor in Von Berg's part. Retakes started immediately. Freddie drew aside an assistant director named Jackman.

"What happened to Von Berg?"

Jackman said, "He got gone over."

"Why?"

"You're dumber than I thought," Jackman grumbled. "He was stealing too many scenes. He got warned—twice. Then he got gone over. The fillums is getting tough."

"Who did it?"

Jackman stared into the set, where Salvador was going through the action and dialogue of a two-shot with Von Berg's successor.

"I'd ruther stay healthy," he said.

"Baloney!" Freddie scoffed—but the hairs on the back of his neck were stiff and cold.

Remember the meat market on the corner? Well, across the intersection sat a grease joint, a hamburger palace, a dime-a-dunk emporium operated by one Mike Kavalosky, a handsome half-breed.

At dinnertime Freddie arrived at Mike's place looking very disgusted, and dragging after him, at the end of a thick rope, a long small dog.

He was dusty black, except for certain synchronized spots on rear, chest, and muzzle. He had long flat droopy ears, scared brown eyes, and he acted scared enough all

over to break your heart. He was not yet full-grown but already so long that he needed a couple of wheels under his middle, extra; and he was very thin indeed, having become that way immediately, as puppies do when they miss a few meals.

Freddie planked himself on a stool and ordered two hamburger steaks, one for himself and one for the scared little dog which had turned out to be Heinie. Heinie had a good leather collar and a license tag, but no leash.

Freddie had telephoned to Hollywood Hospital and learned that Von Berg, ignoring hospital orders, had engaged a male nurse, risen from bed, and departed in bandages for Germany.

"Imagine!" he loudly snorted at Mike. "Me! Owning a mutt, when everybody knows how I hate 'em! If there is anything more dumb and useless than a mutt—especially this mutt—I'd like to know what it is!"

Heinie shivered all over and sort of squeezed himself against the bottom of the counter, maybe thinking he wouldn't attract so much attention that way, and hiding his tail.

"Crimin-ee! Lookit him shake! A sissy, without no guts! Imagine!" Freddie snorted again, acting twice as disgusted as before. "Me—ownin' a hound that's scared! Lookit," he asked Mike Kavalosky all of a sudden. "Do you want a mutt?"

Mike peered over the counter.

"Sure," he said promptly.

A customer three stools away hastily swallowed, put down his knife and fork, and said, "If you wanna get rid of the dog, mister, don't give him away free. I bid five bucks."

"Ten," Mike said.

"Fifteen," the customer said.

"Twenty," said Mike.

Freddie stared in downright amazement.

"I would go twenty-five," the customer said regretfully, "only tonight I am a little short."

At this Freddie decided to take another look. Heinie, however, had eased himself across the café and slunk into a corner under a table, and Freddie's blood began to boil.

"Come here!" he shouted.

Heinie didn't budge. He was panting now, and shivering so badly he could hardly sit up.

"Come here—you!"

Still Heinie didn't budge. Freddie's face was crimson, ugly, and he started across the floor.

"Do not hit the dog," Mike said in a calm way.

FREDDIE sort of gagged, but he stopped. Perhaps he remembered that Fritz von Berg, a gentleman, had said much the same thing. He continued over to Heinie and picked him up real gentle-like and carried him back to the counter.

"If this mutt is worth twenty-five to you guys," he suspiciously snapped, "maybe he is worth even more than that to me, and I will keep him. Maybe," said Freddie, "I can even learn him something!"

"Two hamburger steaks!" the cook shouted through a hole.

"Two plates," said Freddie.

Mike said, "Why?"

"One is for the mutt."

"Oh, no," said Mike, shaking his head. "For the dog we will cook some nice ground round steak, or maybe slice some nice roast bif. But hamburger for the dog, no! Too much fat in the hamburger," said Mike. "Upsets the dog's stummick."

Freddie shoved his jaw out.

"I see! Dandy! The hamburger is O. K. for me what buys it, but for the dog I gotta buy some roast bif!"

Mike shrugged.

"Well," he observed reasonably, "you could buy for yourself also some nice roast bif. If you gonna own a fine high-bred gentleman dog like this dog, you got to live up to him."

Freddie hesitated, then unwillingly snarled, "Two roast bifs!"

Quickly the roast bifs appeared, on two plates. "For the dog cut up the roast bif in small pieces," Mike scientifically said.

Angrily Freddie cut it up. Angrily he placed the plate upon the floor, in flagrant violation of the law. Heinie looked hungrily at the food but he didn't begin to eat. Instead, he cowered. Freddie's teeth appeared, but before his angry shout could come out, Mike said, "Do not shout at the dog, Freddie, for he cannot bear to be shouted at. Makes 'im nervous."

Freddie expected to burst but didn't. At last he reached down and gently patted Heinie's head. He said in a strange, strangled, gentle voice, "Go on, mutt, eat, or else I will beat you to death with a club with nails in it!"

Not understanding English, Heinie understood only the tones. His big brown eyes softened at Freddie, his tail reappeared, its tip twitched a trifle—and Heinie ate.

When both had finished, Freddie paid the check and started out. Mike leaned on the cash register. "Just a minute," he said pleasantly. "Do not kid yourself about this dog's courage. He has plenty."

Freddie made a derisive sound with his tongue, and wondered where Georgette was now.

NEXT day, leaving Heinie locked in the little apartment, he went to work full of desperation. Georgette, a little detective inquiry had disclosed, had had not one date with Salvador but two. On the set at National Art, Freddie waited a long time before his chance came. But at last he did see Salvador take a script and go away into a secluded corner of the huge sound stage to study lines.

Salvador had been brought West from New York to fill the long vacant throne of the late Valentino. Salvador wasn't physically as large as Valentino had been, but he had the same patent-leather hair and there were other similarities. He had started as an owner of night clubs, an easy-money mug, an actual mobster—but a mobster with a talent for dancing. He danced, in fact, under a spotlight at his own night club, where a scout for National Art saw him and offered half a grand a week in pictures to start. And, because prohibition had been repealed and hot spots weren't monopolies any longer, Salvador accepted.

He came West with six companions—six plug-uglies with brass knuckles in their pockets and automatics under their armpits.

His dancing, his sense of rhythm were genuinely superb, and several million women, with paid theater admissions, proved that they liked the greased, tough, romantic appeal of Salvador himself. The bodyguard idea suddenly stopped seeming silly. Within a year Salvador shoved his weekly salary up to three grand—because the National Art executives, interviewing not Salvador alone but always Salvador plus two silent thugs, didn't argue too much.

As Freddie Grant now approached, Salvador's two current wolves, scowling, watched him.

When he arrived, the first wolf spat a cigarette out and said, "Beat it, kid. The boss is busy. Studyin'. See?"

"Shut up, Irv," Salvador said. Then, to Freddie, "What do you want?"

Into his voice Freddie tried to put all the old rumble, the loud snarl.

"It's—it's about my girl! It's about Georgette Blake!"

"Whose?" Salvador said.

"Mine," Freddie said. "I want you to leave my girl alone, M-mister Salvador!" he said rapidly. "You ain't lookin' to marry nobody. And there's plenty pretty floosies around here without— I mean, Georgette is—". He stopped, his throat tight.

Salvador looked at Irv, and Irv deliberately lighted a cigarette. Irv moved forward without haste a couple of steps and deliberately smashed Freddie in the face with one big fist. Freddie fell full length, like a log. He lay there, partly stunned, a few seconds, and when he rolled over, the three men were standing motionless and silent, looking down at him.

The group was hidden by an angle of the set from the view of all others now working on this stage. Freddie felt absurdly and minutely thankful for that; absurdly hopeful that Georgette might not hear of his humiliation; and horribly afraid, lying there at the mercy of the three hoodlums. With sickening clarity he remembered the way Von Berg had looked in the hospital, the wounds of the dreadful beating which Von Berg had survived.

"Get up!" Salvador said—"Scram!"

Freddie scrammed. Exactly an hour later a studio messenger came on the stage and handed Freddie a blue envelope. His services, Freddie knew from simply the color, were no longer required, effective immediately. He brought his indignant blustering voice back and faced Karl Kutte, the director. It wasn't fair, Freddie pointed out. What did it mean?

Kutte's expression was peculiar. "This is none of my business," he said. "I didn't can you, Freddie, and I don't know anything."

FREDDIE drew his pay. He stopped at the five-and-ten, bought a dog leash, and went home. Heinie did not bound forward when Freddie came in, but the tip of Heinie's tail did rap questioningly against the floor. Freddie cleaned the place up, and then seated himself and said, "Come here." It was only afterward that he realized he had spoken softly, in a beaten voice which he could allow to be soft because there was nobody to hear except the dog—and Heinie came.

"Well!" Freddie said, surprisedly and awkwardly stroking the uplifted short-haired small head. "If you're gonna like me, mutt, you'll be all by yourself."

Heinie wagged completely. Freddie thought about Georgette perhaps going out again with Salvador, and he felt still more low and sick in his mind. He tried to forget Georgette, and next morning's newspaper helped a little. According to a gossip columnist, Salvador would leave for England within a week, to make one picture there. Freddie tried to telephone Georgette, but she wouldn't talk to him, and after a month Freddie began to have a hard time.

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HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

His money was running out. And all the other studios, he discovered, knew that Salvador's personal displeasure had caused his dismissal from National Art. Whether another studio wanted to hire him, Freddie never determined. No other studio would. Finally one afternoon he walked into Mike Kavalosky's hamburger palace after the lunchtime rush.

"Is my credit good here?" he said.

Mike saw that Freddie looked a little thin. He saw Heinie, standing at the end of his good clean leash. Heinie had changed. He was neither thin nor dusty. Instead he shone sleek as a seal. His eyes were clear, bright, alert. He cocked his head to one side when Freddie spoke. But the biggest change of all was in Freddie himself, and Mike already had spotted it. Freddie now and always spoke softly, gently—though his language was no less falsely belligerent than before.

"Your credit is good," Mike said.

Freddie said, "Then one roast bif."

Mike hesitated because Freddie had ordered only one, but yelled for the one roast bif and subsequently brought it. He also brought knife, fork, spoon, and coffee. Freddie put sugar and cream in the coffee for himself, but he cut the roast beef into small pieces and placed the plate upon the floor.

"Hey!" said Mike. "What is the big idea?"

Freddie shoved his jaw out. "I'm not hungry!"

Mike turned and shouted toward the kitchen, "One more roast bif!"

Freddie felt something happening to his eyes. He squeezed them shut an instant, then opened them.

"Make mine hamburger."

"Listen!" Mike Kavalosky said. "If you gonna own a fine high-bred dog like this dog, I tol' you already, you yourself cannot eat hamburger!"

Freddie ate roast beef and wiped his mouth. "Nevertheless, Mike," he said, "I am very ashamed. You're wrong. This dog is yellow. He's scared of a cat which is only about twice as big as he is."

Mike said flatly, "I doubt this."

"All right," Freddie said, pointing. "There's a big cat in the butcher shop across the street."

"I know," Mike nodded. "Belongs to Salvador, the movie star. Salvador keeps the cat there because the cat insists."

Freddie said, "Well, every day before I got broke I went there to buy Heinie's meat. It was cheaper than restaurants and Heinie didn't know the difference. But every day the cat laid for Heinie, and as soon as we went in he jumped on Heinie's back and started spittin' and clawin'. And what did Heinie do? He let out a bunch of screams and ran like hell!"

Mike Kavalosky thought a moment. "I still doubt this," he decided. He punched the cash register, took out two dollar bills and gave them to Freddie. "A loan," he said. He took his apron off and donned coat and hat. "Come on," Mike said. "We will go across now to the butcher shop, and for tomorrow you will buy some meat."

FREDDIE held Heinie's leash. In the market, Heinie quickly and alertly looked around. He saw Salvador's cat asleep under a meat table. This table had been set in a corner and had an extremely thick top, starting merely a foot above the sawdust. The cat awakened and straightened and stretched, and he was, truly, at least twice as large as Heinie.

"Now watch," Freddie said.

Already the butchers had begun to grin. In a flash Heinie comprehended the unprecedented vulnerability of the cat's position. Now, for the cat, was no leaping into the air and coming down on Heinie's back: the meat table was too low. And Heinie had dashed blackly forward, yipping and jerking his leash from Freddie's grasp, before Salvador's cat knew what it was all about.

ROBERT NEAL LEATH

was born in Alabama and now lives on the top of a hill about eighteen miles from Hollywood. He is 31, married, and is the proud owner of two very rowdy dogs. He is a Harvard graduate, a former newspaperman, and he has written two novels.

A terrific racket exploded and sawdust flew. The cat yowled bloody murder, but soon the yowling stopped. Soon Heinie came backing out, dragging Salvador's big obnoxious cat by the neck and violently shaking it.

However, no shaking was necessary, because the cat was dead.

Heinie dragged the cat to Freddie's feet. Heinie stood back and wagged all over.

"Well!" said Freddie, and—"Well!"

Mike observed with scientific calm, "It is like I said. I know about this kinda dogs. They are German badger dogs, name of dachshund. And badgers are very fierce wild animals and quite big also. But such dogs as Heinie are bred to follow a badger into a hole and kill him and drag him out. This requires plenty courage, do not fool yourself. Courage. But such a dog also has sense. He will not fight if he sees he does not have a chance, like when a cat can jump on his back. He runs. He waits. But when the chance does come—wham! Like now."

"Oh," said Freddie.

HIS expression was strange, as though some new idea was chiseling its tortured way into that thick skull of his. He recovered Heinie's leash and patted Heinie gently, and you should have had a load of the way this dog perked up. They went out, leaving the butchers just standing there, and Heinie was walking with his head up again, and his tail up also, very cocky and short and swaggering. But, outside, his leash got tangled between somebody's legs and tension crackled in the air.

Right then Freddie Grant discovered that Salvador had returned to Hollywood, for Salvador, flanked by his usual brace of gunmen, owned the legs. There was still a fourth person in Salvador's company. A girl. On Salvador's right arm. A girl. Georgette.

"Hello, punk," Salvador said.

Georgette didn't say anything.

"Hello, Salvador," Freddie said in his new quiet voice, omitting the "Mister." But his face was red.

Now, maybe Heinie was smart enough to recognize a bad guy. Maybe he realized Salvador was insulting his master, or maybe he just felt annoyed about the tangled leash. Anyway, he abruptly growled and fastened his teeth deep into Salvador's nearest ankle.

Salvador howled and savagely kicked, and Heinie went bouncing helplessly through the air and landed, sprawling and hurt, several feet away.

Mike Kavalosky hastily departed from Freddie Grant's side. He figured nearly any other place would be healthier than that, because you can call a guy all the names not in the dictionary, you can beat him up, but if you injure his dog you are very likely to encounter a real argument, and Freddie Grant had not a chance in the world of winning any argument at this point with Salvador. But Freddie, his face redder than ever, only stepped over to Heinie; he only, with a quick scoop, picked Heinie gently up before Salvador's thugs could increase the damage already done.

Then he walked away up the street without looking back. Salvador laughed, and his hoodlums laughed too, and Georgette said nothing, and Freddie went home.

He put Heinie on the threadbare couch and sat near by a long time, looking at him. After a while Heinie got up and wanted to play. He limped, but he paid no attention to that.

Freddie had never won an argument, a fight, in his life. His brothers had been too big and he never had used his head, carving them down to his own size before the argument got going. He told himself that a man really ought to win at least once in a while if he was really a man. And look at Heinie, who used his head and won, and later made a mistake but went on and paid no attention to his hurts.

Freddie left Heinie on the couch and at a bank got two dollars' worth of nickels, compactly packed in a roll.

His oldest and biggest brother, Brian, owned a small garage located some three miles distant. Freddie walked, since the finance company possessed his flivver. Brian squirmed up from a pit.

"Get out of here," he said. "I don't want you hanging around, Freddie. You know that."

Freddie had had his hands behind him. He knew it was extremely dangerous to lead with a right, but he led that way regardless. He had the roll of nickels in his right, and he knocked Brian Grant eight feet across the cement and dropped him flat.

When Brian recovered consciousness Freddie was sitting on his chest and crying, although Freddie's jaw was clamped.

Brian gazed. He said at last, in a strangely respectful and wondering tone, "Let me up, brother."

Freddie let him up.

"Where do we go from here, brother?"

"Bill's place."

Brian said, "I'll drive you."

Bill was next biggest, six feet two. He was a self-made man, a prosperous lawyer, a tough egg with elegant offices. Brian opened the door to Bill's inner sanctum, and Freddie walked around Bill's desk.

"On your feet!" he snapped quietly, although he was quaking inside. And as the astonished Bill jumped up, Freddie struck. He blasted Bill Grant backward, and Bill carried his desk chair in splinters to the floor, and Freddie was on top of him then, smacking Bill a second time because Bill hadn't conked out with the first. He sat on Bill's chest and waited.

Brian asked, "Are you beginnin' to feel better now, brother?"

"Yes," Freddie said, because it did do a man good to win once in a while, and you could win if you used your head and carved the other guy down a little first. Sportsmanship had nothing to do with it.

Brian said, "Then I'll take care of the rest of this."

FREDDIE got off Bill's chest and Brian got on. Bill opened his eyes and grunted. "Baby brother is coming back into the family," Brian said. "Do you understand?"

"O. K.," Bill said. Brian allowed him to rise.

Bill had a snappy custom-built sedan, so they used that to reach Pete's place. Pete, a druggist, turned out tougher. He saw Freddie's right hook coming and moved inside it and slammed Freddie on the jaw. Freddie fell back against the soda fountain and started to cry again, he was so nervous and furious. But he had licked two brothers already and, counting Pete, he had eight more to go and he had to do it. And he charged so desperately he *did* do it. He chopped Pete's guard open and glimpsed an opening for his right fist with the nickels in it and popped Pete ferociously and precisely on the button.

"That's pretty good for now," Bill said while a clerk was waking Pete.

Shaving with a Piece of Mind

by **Walter B. Pitkin,** ***Author of "Life Begins at 40"***

DID YOU ever shave with a piece of mind? I've been doing just that for twenty-five years, but I didn't know it until a few weeks ago.

I went to Boston to satisfy my curiosity about a tiny strip of steel. I expected to watch raw metal turn into a razor blade. But I saw something more wonderful. I saw the transformation of Mind (far from raw) into a public utility.

Having removed some 47 feet and odd inches of whiskers from my shining countenance in the course of a quarter-century with the Gillette razor blade, I was eager to see how this public utility was made. I expected that such a small thing would be made in a small factory—perhaps a two-story affair on a couple of city lots.

Somewhat bewildered, I entered a huge eight-story plant spreading over two large city blocks—only to find that it was merely one of eight Gillette factories scattered around the earth. The place was quiet and clean, almost like a hospital. Immense semi-automatic machines, attended by one or two men each, were devouring great rolls of steel in preparation for further processing.

An engineer would revel in the ingenious devices for checking up continuously on the quality of the blades as they flow through the various production processes. But the Average Man would be more impressed, as I was, by the *Mind Behind the Blade.* And he would discern that, when he buys a Gillette Blade, he isn't buying merely a scrap of steel, he's buying a Piece of Mind. And that Mind is so sharp that it produces blades of inconceivable sharpness. The Mind inhabits half a dozen tiny rooms adjoining the great machines. It is a Multiple Personality—nine of them, in fact. It is a Mind that thinks physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and machine designing.

Gillette spends more money on this *Mind* and its laboratories than many other companies might spend on their entire factory payroll. And that's why the Gillette blade, studied through a microscope even by an eye as untrained as mine, looks like a razor edge, while other blades look like fever charts and buzz saws. Can you imagine an edge only 1/80,000th of an inch thick and absolutely invisible to the naked eye? Probably not. I can't. Yet there the darned thing is!

Before you buy anything, study well the Mind Behind the Goods! If it is a dishonest Mind, the goods will probably be dishonest. If it is a dull Mind, the razor blade will be dull. If it is an ill-tempered Mind, the steel in the blade will go soft on you. But if it is a keen Mind that is determined to master every fact and to apply fact to factory, regardless of cost, then buy its product, even if it costs double the price of Half Wit Goods.

The real invisible edge of Gillette is Mind, which cuts through error and grows sharper as it cuts.

I hope that some day you, too, may make this psychological pilgrimage to the home of a Mind that is sharper than any razor!

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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1926 Broadway **New York, N. Y.**

"We will help you with the rest, brother."

"Sure," Brian said.

Before the late summer sun had completely disappeared, Freddie was standing in a back yard—due to the efficient slugging assistance of Brian, Bill, and Pete—with his ten hulking kinsmen around him.

"Now what is it all about?" Pete said. "Do you need money?"

"I could use a little," Freddie admitted.

Brian said, "Our baby brother could use some dough, you guys! Give!"

They gave.

"Now what's the important thing?" Bill, the lawyer, asked.

Freddie told them what he wanted. The entire clan piled into three automobiles and journeyed to the Brown Derby, the one in Beverly Hills. That, Freddie knew, was Salvador's favorite eating place. It is located on a corner. Wilshire Boulevard is brightly lighted in front of the Derby, but behind the building and off to one side there is vacant property which at night lies in shadow.

The three automobiles were parked and their occupants waited. That night they had no luck, for Salvador failed to appear. The second night, however, he did appear. The Grant men prepared themselves, and kept on waiting while Salvador dined. When he and his two gunmen came out of the restaurant, suddenly they were the center of a muscular ring which had closed in with magical speed. Each gunman tried a snatch toward his own armpit, but there was, magically, a beefy Grant attached to each gunman arm. The same was true of Salvador himself. Irv loosed a frenzied, frightened scream, but stopped with a gurgle as a Grant paw closed on his throat and squeezed.

There was no hesitation upon the sidewalk. Salvador and the two gunmen found themselves slightly lifted, and then they were moving. They went round the Derby and into the shadows. Six Grant brothers quickly stripped all lethal weapons from their captives. Two Grant brothers took the gunmen slightly aside and began an earnest effective endeavor to remodel the gunmen features. The rest formed a ring around Freddie and shoved Salvador into it also.

"Take your coat off," Freddie said.

SALVADOR, oddly enough, feared practically nothing. He looked about, shrugged, then started to obey. When the coat was halfway off and he was entirely helpless, Freddie slugged him in the mouth.

"But from now on," Freddie calmly said, "the fight will be strictly on the level, although you don't rate such a break."

Freddie put his roll of nickels in a pocket and let Salvador get his hands up, and then he bored in, scared and cold and wild. It was a fine bloody vicious fight and it ended precisely as it had to end, considering that Freddie Grant knew he must become a man now or not at any time at all; it ended with tattered clothing and with Salvador bleeding and battered on the ground.

Freddie was bleeding and battered too, but he crouched over Salvador and he said, "You are not even speaking to my girl, ever again. Is that clear?"

"It's clear," Salvador said.

FREDDIE moved a rigid hand in a circle. "These are my brothers. If anything ever happens to any one of them, or to me, the rest will rub you out. Quick—without waiting for no explanations. Is that clear also?"

Salvador said, "It's clear."

"Tomorrow morning," Freddie said, "I'm going back to a job at National Art. You are important. You're going to fix it. It won't be my old job. It will be assistant director at double my old pay."

"You seem to be a pretty good guy," Salvador said. "I will fix it."

"Get up," Freddie said.

Salvador got up and with difficulty grinned. He stuck a hand out, open. "Would you like to be a friend of mine?" he said.

"Why not?" said Freddie. "Only don't get offside again."

"I'll buy a drink," Salvador said.

"No, you won't," Bill Grant told him. "When I drink with rats, I do the buying."

"Would you like to fight also?" Salvador said pleasantly.

Bill Grant looked at him and sighed. "There are rats and rats, I guess. I will drink with you and you can take your turn paying."

Next morning Freddie Grant showed up at National Art at eleven o'clock. Heinie accompanied him, on the leash.

"You're late!" the reception clerk complained. "Mr. Sponberg's been expecting you since nine o'clock."

Sponberg was studio manager. Freddie went through the entrance building into the lot and walked toward the executive offices to sign his first contract. Georgette and two other chorines appeared off one of the studio's side streets and halted.

"On your way, gals," Georgette told her companions.

When Freddie came up to her, he halted also.

"I heard about Salvador," Georgette said. "He sent a message on paper. Will you come to my place for dinner tonight?"

"Sure," said Freddie. "Have you seen my dog?"

Georgette clasped her hands together.

"He's a duck of a dog!" she said.

"Smart, too!" Freddie said proudly. "I have learned him a lot. Watch! Sit up!" he told Heinie.

Now, sitting up erect was very difficult for Heinie, account of his body was so long and underslung and his legs were so short. But, balancing upon hind legs and tail, he sat perfectly and happily up.

"Atta dog!" said Freddie Grant.

THE END

With those six Passaic orphans who saved an express train. Left to right: The Babe, Johnny Murdock, Frank Mazzola, Jacob Melnizek, Colonel Ruppert, Mike Mazzola, Douglas Fleming, Rudolph Borsche, Joe McCarthy.

How It Feels to Be A HAS-BEEN

The Retired Sultan of Swat Looks Wistfully Over His Record, and Reflects that, Anyway, He Does Mean Something to a Few Million Kids

by BABE RUTH

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THEY called me the King of Swat. It was great while it lasted. And it lasted quite a while, at that.

But these seem to be bad days for kings. Like that Alfonso of Spain, I'm out of a job now. He's playing polo over in Cannes or one of those other places on the Riviera. I've got my golf—in Florida in the winter, on Long Island in the summer.

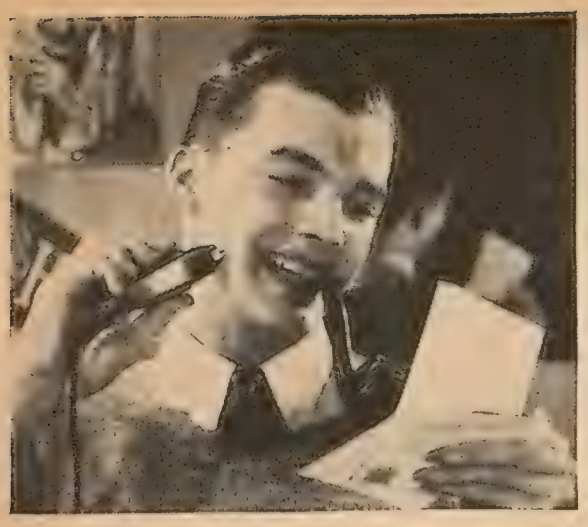
His public quit on him. My legs went back on me. But it all comes to the same thing. We're both out of jobs and having a little trouble convincing ourselves that we're getting the kick out of life that we used to get.

I'm not complaining. Coming out of that orphanage down in Baltimore, where twenty-five cents of spending money was the week's reward for good behavior, I had my full twenty years in the great game that I gave a lot to but which also gave me more money, more fun, more comfort than the rough-and-tumble kid I was had any right to expect. Now maybe I'm through with baseball, maybe not. Sometimes I hope not, although it would take a swell job to bring me back.

But I'll admit that it gave me a funny feeling earlier this spring, playing golf down at St. Petersburg and around in Florida, not to be trying out the old legs and then jumping into the workouts with the gang, getting ready for the American League grind with the Yankees. Remember how everybody used to worry about whether I could get that waistline down and what my weight would be when the bell rang? Those tourists from the Middle West used to worry more about my legs than I did. I'm being honest now. I miss that stuff. This year's was the first training season since 1915 that I didn't go South with a major-league ball club.

That opening day in New York always brought a tingle. And I don't mean only because they had bands there and the mayor threw out the first ball. I got a real kick even last year when for the first time I wore a National League uniform. I didn't feel very much at home up there in Boston's Braves' field, and it was colder than an umpire's heart. But I busted one that day just the same, just to make the opener official for the Boston fans. Funny how you can rise to the occasion when the crowd that has faith in you expects you to. Even a king who is on the way out manages to do that once in a while.

Even an old ex-king is entitled to his memories. I've got mine. Of all the 723 homers I hit during my twenty years in the American League with the Boston Red Sox



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and the Yankees, that homer off Charley Root of the Cubs in the 1932 World Series at Wrigley Field in Chicago stands out as the most satisfactory. Remember how I pointed to the outfield stands, showing the fans where I was going to put the ball and, on the third strike, did park it there? I've often thought since how bad I would have looked if I hadn't connected. By that time I was old enough to know better than to gamble that way. But that's the chance you take in the pinch.

I suppose you think I am proud of my home-run records. You know I have played in ten World Series and have hit fifteen home runs in World Series contests—three in a single game on two occasions. But, now that I'm reminiscing, I'll admit I'm prouder of the fact that I was a pretty fair pitcher as a youngster and that I have a record of having pitched twenty-nine consecutive scoreless innings in World Series games.

Back in 1916 I pitched a fourteen-inning battle for the Red Sox against the Brooklyn Dodgers and held them scoreless after the first inning. Then in 1918, still with the Red Sox, I shut out the Cubs to win a nine-inning game, and blanked them again to the seventh inning of a later game before they scored. Twenty-nine consecutive innings out there on the mound under World Series pressure. Yes, I'm a little proud of that.

But I get a little tired of talking about nothing but records. Mine have meant a tidy bit of money to me, of course. And after I outgrew the boyish stuff, I managed to put a good bit of it away, too.

However, when you get to be an "ex," you start counting things up aside from records and money. We were doing that the other evening at the dinner table. A writer with whom I had been out playing golf said: "Babe, you've played a lot of baseball. You've been seen and cheered by millions. Your name is about as well known as any one's in the world. What does it all add up to? What do you think you have accomplished?" That stopped me. I had never thought about that before. Maybe it doesn't seem as if I have exerted any vital influence on the country. At any rate, I haven't made the grade in Who's Who in America, although among the names in it that begin with RU there are some college professors that I never heard of before and I'll bet you never did either.

That's O.K. with me. I was hitting home runs while they were hitting the books. But I'm wondering, at that—and I'm serious now—whether those academic gentlemen have had a much more definite or constructive influence on the life and thought of this country in the past twenty years than I have. Please don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to go intellectual. And no one has ever accused me of being swelled-headed.

I'll try to explain what I mean.

Remember those kids in that Passaic orphan asylum over in New Jersey three years ago? Looking out of their windows early on that May evening, the flashes of lightning showed them that, with rain falling in torrents, the railroad was washing away. Then one of them remembered that the express out of Jersey City was due any minute. It didn't take Johnny Murdock and his pals more than a second to figure out that there would be a real wreck if that express came through. But there was no trackwalker around and there wasn't time to phone ahead to stop the train. And there was the roadbed washed away from underneath the rails.

THE WINNING PLANK

W. GIBSON CAREY, JR.

IN the Will These Planks Bring Victory? feature Liberty has in various recent issues submitted the suggestions of leaders of industry to the platform makers of both political parties.

The following Winning Plank has been suggested by W. Gibson Carey, Jr., president of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company:

"There is one plank in my opinion that will win the 1936 Presidential election. Directly or indirectly it controls most of the vital issues, as for instance: Spending and the closely related subject of taxes; governmental interference with legitimate business; the maximum degree of individual liberty and opportunity; the method of handling unemployment, and in fact the curing of that cancerous condition.

"This plank affects the form of our governmental system and the relations of the federal government to the people. It appeals to all persons who have a pride in American traditions and who believe in the fundamental integrity of our institutions. It is the hereditary plank of the South and is the only issue stronger in that section than loyalty to a party.

"Already the thinking people in the North and West are realizing its importance. It is the strongest bulwark against the ravages of demagogues who promise everything and build nothing. It is the greatest protection to the rights of the masses against special privilege or minority groups. It brings control closer to the people, and thus will do more than anything else to preserve true democracy against the encroachment of Communism or Fascism. This plank must be explained and understood generally, but it is the oldest and the most important. This plank is:

"LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT AND STATE RIGHTS."

You remember the story. While the lady in charge telephoned for help, the six kids—Johnny Murdock, Jacob Melnizek, Rudolph Borsche, Douglas Fleming, Frank Mazzola and his brother Michael—ran down the track a quarter mile waving their raincoats, refusing to budge from the track, risking their lives to convince the engineer that he either had to stop or run over them.

It was a real act of quick-thinking heroism. Without question, they saved lives. Remember what Johnny Murdock and his pals said that night when the railroad officials told them they could have almost anything they wanted as a reward?

They said, "We don't want anything special as a reward. But could you please let Babe Ruth know what we did? That's what we'd rather have than anything. We have a ball team here and we'd like him to know that we did something worth while, even if we're not great ballplayers. Perhaps we could even meet him."

The Yankees, as I recall it, were out in Cleveland. A telegram telling me about the boys and their great stunt woke me up early in the morning out there. I sent them a telegram and wrote them letters, and when we got back into New York, they came over to the Yankee Stadium. I posed for pictures with them and autographed balls and we became real friends. If you could have seen what that meant to them, you'd have a little idea of what I mean. And don't forget that kids all over the country read that story in the newspapers.

During my last couple of years with the Yankees, my legs were giving me some bother. In 1934 I couldn't get in there every day. I used to sit on the bench and hear the kids out in the left-field stands, where they were admitted free a couple of afternoons a week, yell, "We want Ruth! We want Ruth!" Maybe you think it doesn't mean much to an old guy to hear a couple of thousand kids proving in that way what they think of him! If you don't think it means a whole lot, you're crazier than any left-handed pitcher I ever knew.

On trains, in hotels, everywhere I went, I saw evidence during those years of what the American boy thought of the Babe. I'm not going to tell you now about some of those trips I made to hospitals. I didn't use to publicize them, unless it was for some good cause, and I'm not going to start now. And, as the kids themselves know, I never put myself away with them as a lecturer.

But I am beginning to realize that I accomplished something during those twenty years beyond hitting into the outfield stands, throwing to the right base, and giving the best I could as a team competitor.

I have shown a lot of American boys in my time how to bear down when the count is three and two and there are a couple on the bags, with two out. I've shown them that a real man stands up under competition and comes through when the going is tough. I think they have liked me, thousands of them, maybe millions of them, and have taken hints from me that they might not take from a teacher or a scoutmaster or some one like that. The lessons of competition, which a boy will take from one who has been through that competition, won't do him any harm in later life, if you ask me.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—He went to Yale without leaving his birthplace and, believe it or not, graduated at Harvard. He was appointed to Yale's faculty in 1892. A Dash at the Pole came from his portable, and he generally has something to say about any subject of interest. There's a "roar" in the middle of his name, and the early photo (at the right) was taken when he was far younger. Who is he?

2—Bourbon whisky is produced from what grain?

3—Does water rot rubber?

4—Who preceded Jess Willard as heavyweight boxing champion?

5—What river 2,400 miles long flows into the Caspian Sea?

6—Is anything wrong with this sentence: "I cherish the twilight of morn"?

7—Where is Ben Hur mentioned in the Bible?

8—In what play was the audience asked: "Do you believe in fairies?"?

9—What is the last name of Mohandas Karamchand ——, nationalist leader, born in 1869?

10—How many quires are in a ream?

11—What Canadian-born actress, now lamented, supported Garbo in Anna Christie?

12—When does middle age begin?

13—About how many balls are used in a big-league baseball game?

14—Which language is officially spoken in the Belgian Congo?

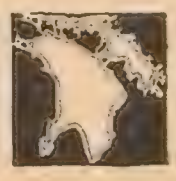
15—What was originally the color of the canary?

16—Should watches be adjusted for accuracy during prolonged hot weather?

17—What is a synonym for redundant?

18—Which radio singer married Olive White, his manager?

19—In the silhouette at the right what lake is portrayed?



20—What American lawyer, who lived eighty-five years, was Ambassador to Great Britain from 1899 to 1905?

(Answers will be found on page 33)

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IF HEARTBURN COMES . . .
THEY GIVE HIM *QUICK RELIEF!*

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WAR is in the air in Yokohama during the spring of 1937. Young Lieutenant James T. Grant, U. S. N., hears that Japan has built supersubmarines, presumably for attack on America. Spying on his own account, he confirms the rumor. But the Yokosuka dockyard sentries would have captured him if he had not been saved by a ruse of Marian Lamar's. Marian, oddly enough, appears to be a close friend of Prince Kakagawa, who is the awesome Japanese war lord.

Still more oddly, the prince invites the lieutenant to dinner, then politely informs him that he and his hanger-on, Mike Delevan, and Miss Lamar must embark immediately for the United States—and no alternative!

Their steamer arrives at Honolulu just in time to see a fleet of Japanese planes bomb the island of Oahu. Grant reports for service to Admiral Neville, and while hell is breaking loose in Hawaii the young naval officer is detailed to carry on in an observation hole.

Caught by surprise, the lovely islands seem doomed. A brave and gallant defense is made, but the little yellow men pour in from sea and sky. Grant, whose people live in Honolulu, becomes frantic for their safety, and he worries about Marian Lamar in her indifference to being under fire and seeking him out at his dangerous post. Though Grant is engaged to Rita Cannelle, a California girl, he feels himself falling in love with Marian.

Suddenly, shockingly, Grant stumbles over the dead body of his young brother. And into the scene of bloody conflict descends the giant flying clipper from the States. Grant is ordered to go back with it bearing important dispatches.

Frightened, Marian Lamar pleads to go with him; but indignantly he shakes her off and heads toward the clipper.

PART FIVE—BETWEEN TWO LOVES

I WENT into the clipper and sat there a long time, holding my hands against my head in an effort to keep from thinking, shutting my eyes tight to keep from remembering too many woes.

There was no clear sharp agony in my mind. The tragedies of two days had bludgeoned it dull. There was no poignancy in my brother's death, no crushing grief; only a wonder at his going who was so young, so bright, so gay, so full of promise—a wonder, a feeling of great loss, and an aching rebellion.

Not until my father's mild voice stole in through the flesh and bone and blood of my fingers, murmuring, as it had so many times during his life, "Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine"—not until then did my head begin to clear, my spirit to know peace.

The voice of the admiral roused me. I rose and took from him the two envelopes he held out to me.

"The dispatches," he said. "You haven't much chance to deliver them, maybe. But do your best. Those devils are sick because they let the ship land. They don't propose to let it get away."

He smiled wanly and gave me his hand in farewell.

"I think there is a chance, sir."

It was Lieutenant Colonel Ward, the senior army flyer, who spoke. He was standing just outside the door, beside General Connelly.

"I was coming to ask the general, on behalf of all the personnel of the 23d and 72d Bombardment Squadrons, to let us attack the fleet as soon as it gets dark. Our submarines have been hanging around all day without getting a chance to strike a blow. We thought we might arrange a joint attack—and the clipper could get away in the excitement."

The general and the admiral looked at each other; but before either could say anything the radio broke in.

WARNING

The Negro stepped back a little and his eyes grew big. "Lawd, man!" he said. "Mebbe you's de real Mike Delevan!"

by

MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

"Sponson calling," Edwards, the radio operator, said. "The Japanese destroyers are bearing eastward. Light cruisers behind them. Spreading out to form a screen. Six battleships in the rear. In column. The Nagato's in the lead, flying the flag of a full admiral at her main truck."

"What in the devil are they up to?" the general demanded.

"Japanese transports leaving Kauai," Edwards went on. "Steering to join main fleet. About eighty transports. Some very large. All well protected by destroyers. Also three aircraft carriers."

"Transports! Steering eastward!" gasped the general.

"Tell Sponson to attack the transports as soon as our bombers appear above them," Admiral Neville ordered.

"Good," said the general. "Lieutenant Grant, you *must* get through now. They must know at home about those transports. Colonel Ward, send one squadron to attack the battleships, the other to attack the transports. You'll carry on in daylight. They'll be too far away by dark. Lieutenant Williams, if this plane is ready, stand by to head for home. You have about thirty minutes. Take off when the Japanese pursuit starts after our bombers. Good luck, gentlemen!"

He put his hand on my shoulder as he left.

"Good luck to you, sir," I said.

I looked at Ward, who was being sent to his death and knew it. He might have just been decorated with the D. S. C.

On both sides of the plateau the Japanese infantry attack had been brought to a complete standstill; and the American defenses were being improved, trenches sited, redoubts begun, fields of fire cleared for machine guns. The naval guns had been unloaded from the trucks and placed in position. Oahu would hold out as long as possible.

Suddenly all nine batteries of the 64th and the 3-inch naval antiaircraft guns opened fire on the Japanese pursuit planes that still danced above our positions. Up they climbed, hastily, like frightened birds surprised by hunters. Presently they were lost in the blue.

The guns ceased firing. A great bomber rumbled across the field and took off with elephantine grace. Behind it, two by two, the other American planes shoved off. There were twenty-two of them, one flight of seven and three flights of five, going slowly out to sea and the smoke of battleships heading for California.

We were in motion before I realized it. We were soaring upward. Columns of Japanese troops were pressing along the roads north and west of Honolulu far below us, evidently bent on the capture of Forts Ruger and De Russy. Shells from the 55th's 6-inchers were falling into their ranks, knocking them around. There were red glares around the naval station and Fort Shafter. Mines, ammunition barges, and magazines were being blown up.

We headed due north and then northeast; and through my glasses, and the reports that came in over our radio, I was able to follow the attack of the American bombers.

Two flights of five went winging slowly toward the

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

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Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

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Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause of the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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transports. Twelve ships, one flight of seven and one of five, moved toward the battleships, but couldn't reach them. The Japanese pursuit planes fell between them and the dreadnoughts like a curtain. The Americans tried to go through that curtain but broke their wings against it. The flight of seven was broken up. Scattered units were hunted down singly. Five were destroyed. The second flight lost three ships before it could get into action.

Ward, realizing he hadn't the slightest chance of reaching the battleships, swung west and signaled. Three bombers followed him, heading straight for the transports. Fourteen Americans, coming from two directions, prepared to drench the Japanese troopships with terror.

"Submarines at work," Ward radioed before he had yet reached his position. "One transport torpedoed. Destroyers darting about with blazing guns. Japanese on our tails. But we can make it."

The destroyers were many, but they had one serious defect of armament. They had nothing like the 3-inch anti-aircraft gun such as every American destroyer carried aft. They had nothing but machine guns to defend them from aerial attack.

"Carriers Akagi and Kaga flying off pursuit planes. Tenyo Maru directly underneath. Loosed two bombs. A direct hit. Thick smoke, but I can see soldiers leaping overboard. Destroyers to the rescue. Tenyo Maru sinking. Three smaller transports sinking. Another putting back to Kauai. She was torpedoed, I believe. Light cruiser Isudzu, fairly hit by a 500-pound bomb, is blazing. Submarines—"

It was the last word I heard: "Submarines—"

We were well away now, doing something better than two hundred miles an hour. Nothing could catch us. I charted our course.

"Better get something to eat and drink," Williams said. "Anyway, something to drink."

"Thanks," I said. "And a bath."

I needed a bath more than I needed a drink.

"Mike!" Williams called.

THE biggest colored man I ever saw stepped out of a little cubbyhole, grinning with a flash of pearly teeth.

"Clipper Special for Lieutenant Grant," said Williams.

"Same," said Edwards.

"Same," said Bacon, the other pilot.

"Scotch for you, Mr. Williams?" Williams nodded.

"Bring mine into the bath," I said.

Mike Delevan was in the bath. I don't think I was surprised. He was using my razor. I wasn't surprised at that either.

"Your luggage came up with the guns from the naval station, sir," Mike said. "I put it aboard. Thought the lieutenant would like a change."

"So you stowed away!" I said.

"Yes, sir. I had to, sir. Colonel Hoovey thinks I'm too old for his outfit. I had to fight with the doughboys, sir. Doughboys! In the States—"

"All right, webfoot," I said, looking at his left arm, which was still in a sling.

He saw my gaze.

"Just a scratch, lieutenant," he said. "Thank God it wasn't my drinking arm."

The Negro entered with my drink. Mike, seeing him in the mirror, stopped shaving and swung around. He stared. The Negro was frightened, and I couldn't blame him. Mike's face, which even on normal occasions seemed to be all nose, would frighten anybody. Now it was scratched and half-lathered and contorted with a dozen emotions. And in his right hand Mike held a razor, the long blade edged with blood and lather and stubble.

"WHO are you?" Mike demanded.

"Me, sir? Mike, sir. Mike Delevan, sir."

"Mike Delevan?" Mike Delevan roared. "The hell you are!"

The ice tinkled violently in the glass.

"Yes, sir. Michael Jubal Early Delevan. That's my cognomen, sir."

"Well, glory be!" Mike cried. "You must be Sam's boy!"

The Negro stepped back a little and his eyes grew big.

"Lawd, man!" he said. "Mebbe you's de real Mike Delevan hisself!"

With one bound he had reached the speech of red-clay banks below the Mason-Dixon line.

"Of co'se," said Mike, jumping after him in pursuit. "Yo' pappy named yo' after me. But we cain't both be Mike Delevan, now cain we? Suppose we call yo' Jubal E.?"

"Jubilee? Yassuh."

The Negro's face was so black and his linen so white, and his whole being seemed to shine with so much happiness, I couldn't help smiling at him.

He began to laugh, a rich musical laughter glorious to hear.

"Golly, golly, golly!" he cried. "It sho' am an insignificant cosmopolis after all. Think o' meetin' yo' in de sky, suh! An' nuther o' us ghosts!"

They went on talking while I undressed and sipped and bathed; and I listened, feeling it strange that this roughneck ex-sergeant of marines, this bum, this professional hero who had attached himself to me, should be of better family than I.

"How'd yo' git heah?" Mike asked eventually.

"Oh, I come with the ship, Mistuh Delevan. Ol' admir'l requisitioned this heah ship. Didn't know I was abo'd her, I reckon. Mebbe he didn't look ve'y hard. Nobody knowed I was heah ontil too late to th'ow me off."

"Just a stowaway," Mike said scornfully.

"Yassuh, Mistuh Delevan."

"All right," Mike answered, turning back to the mirror. "Fetch me a drink, and be quick about it."

"Yassuh. A mint julip, suh?" grinned the black man.

The razor fell from Mike's hand. He turned around again, and gazed at the Negro with something more than affection in his bloodshot eyes.

"Glory be!" he said. "Don't stand there grinnin' at me. Jump!"

I felt much better after I had bathed and shaved and got into a clean uniform. Jubilee made me a plate of sandwiches and a pot of coffee and another Clipper Special, and I returned to the pilothouse.

"What's happened back home?" I asked Williams.

"There's been no declaration of war yet," he said. "But they were lynching Japanese all over the United States. Yes, and Chinese too. Hanging them, shooting them, burning their houses, raping their women. Some places the sheriffs went out with posses. Other places they had to call out the militia. Some of our ships have been damaged in dry dock. Factories have been burned, bridges blown up. One ammunition factory was bombed. Killed a couple hundred people."

THE news distressed and outraged me. Were we no better than the Japanese rioters in Honolulu?

"Lots of people have been shot—lynching Japanese," Williams went on. "Mob leaders, I mean, were shot. The jails are full of Japs. Everybody who even looks like a Jap is taken for a spy."

"But there's been no landing yet?" I asked.

It took him so long to reply, I could have shaken him.

"There was a submarine attack on the fleet," he admitted. He looked straight ahead and below at banks of white clouds hurrying beneath us. He didn't want to talk. I made him.

"We got them all," he said. "But what they did to us was—it was terrific, Scram. They sank two battleships, the Maine and the Connecticut. They damaged the Virginia and the Missouri pretty badly. They'll be laid up for weeks in dry dock. The cruiser Tomahawk was crippled too—and six destroyers had damaged bows from ramming. Scram, those submarines were so big that—"

"I know," I said. "I saw them. Tell me what happened."

He told me the details of the naval engagement. At the end I said:

"So we've only seven battleships in the Pacific."

"That's all. There are four in the Atlantic, but they might as well be at the *bottom* of the Atlantic. The Japs'll bomb the Panama Canal sure as hell."

I shook my head. I didn't believe the Japanese would do more than watch the Pacific entrance to the Canal. That would be just as effective as destroying it, less dangerous and more expedient. It would require only a few ships, a mere reconnaissance detachment, and would in no way interfere with the main attack of the Japanese fleet that must come now almost any day.

"Those four in the Atlantic will have to go around the Horn," Williams said. "And where will we be by the time they get to us? The Japs have only to attack and win now—with all our 16-inch-gun battleships out of the way. They've got nine or ten big dreadnoughts. They've got two or three times as many destroyers and cruisers and airplane carriers. They can't fail. And if our Atlantic Fleet ever does get into the Pacific, good-by Atlantic Fleet too! They're between our two forces—they can destroy us in detail!"

Somehow I was thinking not so much of the coming attack on our fleet as of Williams's tale of murder and arson and rape. I knew many Japanese in Los Angeles. Most of them were Christians, and as loyal to the United States as the people of any other race or nation.

"How did you hear about the attack on Oahu?" I asked. I wasn't particularly interested, but I wanted to turn my thoughts to some other subject.

"Radio," Williams said.

"But all the radio stations were bombed."

"The Seagull flashed a message. The army transport Logan relayed it to the Saratoga. Admiral Rulton got it from the Saratoga. It was brief. It just said the Japs had come in force and were trying to make a landing. Admiral Rulton—you know him? A nice old boy,

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but don't think he can't cuss when he's in the mood—Rulton had to have news, and he had to have it quick. So he sent us."

"But without a navigator?" I asked.

He gave me a funny look.

"We had a navigator," he said. "Didn't you know? Chris Johnson. He was in our class at Annapolis."

I remembered him all right.

"Wounded," Williams said. "He got it just as we came streaking in. Didn't you see that fight?"

I shook my head.

"That's how come you're here," he said. "We needed a navigator."

I SLEPT a few hours; but mostly I sat in the pilothouse and looked at maps and stars and thought of my brother, and my father and mother, and my little sister, and Rita Cannelle, and Marian Lamar.

Why did Marian want to fly with me? Why had she said I couldn't go without her? She couldn't mean it. No, she was merely trying to use me, trying to work on my love for her. She knew I loved her. I hadn't said a word to her, but she knew it anyway.

What reason lay behind her pleading? I wondered. Did she want to send news to the British Foreign Office? Or was it something more sinister than that? Did she want to tell her employers about conditions in the United States? Who were her employers? Couldn't they be Japanese as well as British?

It seemed significant that Prince Kakagawa had learned of my presence in Tokyo only after he had taken Marian to the hotel—and as soon as he had discovered me he had efficiently prevented my warning the United States.

Could it have been Marian who killed Harris? No one else but she and I and the skipper of the Ledyard Lass knew Harris was working on a radio-sending apparatus. No—I couldn't believe that!

It was a long night, filled with dark clouds, and dull stars, and bitter thoughts, and snatches of sleep interrupted by chills and nightmares.

It was around nine o'clock in the morning when we circled the station at San Diego and came down for a landing on the bay. A launch came toward us swiftly, splitting the water and tossing it over its narrow shoulders.

I stepped into it. Mike followed with my grips. Jubilee brought up the rear, carrying Mike's sword and his helmets.

"Shove off!" Williams cried.

There was a great crowd on the pier—men in uniform, men in civilian clothes, women in bright dresses—and every last one of them cheered and screamed and yelled.

I didn't understand it.

"It's all for you, sir," one of the sailors said.

I thought he was crazy.

Mike threw out his chest, dug into his pockets for his medals, pinned them in place.

Jubilee stood up and waved Mike's sword, and held up the string of helmets so all ashore could see.

I was still dazed and puzzled when I stepped on to the pier. The crowd was a great noisy blur.

A girl dodged quickly, suddenly, between two rigid marines who were supposed to hold back the crowd. She came toward me on winged feet, a little bit of a girl, a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl, who cried my name as though it were the name of God—a girl I didn't know even after she had flung her arms about my waist.

All I knew, for a second, was that I was looking deep into her shining eyes, finding love and frenzied joy and an adoration that shocked and embarrassed me.

Then I picked her up and held her in my arms and looked at her again, and knew her. And for the first time since I had met Marian Lamar I forgot her completely.

"Rita!" I said. "Rita!"

I kissed her. Her lips were sweet. Her breath was sweet. The smell of her hair was sweet. Her eyes filled with tears. Her arms tightened about me, warm young arms. I felt the beating of her heart.

Somebody was tearing at my arm—a woman. I recognized her at once. Rita's mother. I kissed her too. I put Rita down. Immediately I was engulfed by women. The marines guards had been mauled and trampled. Crazy weeping laughing screaming women tore at my clothes. They pulled my arms. They threw themselves on me. I reeked of powder and perfume for hours afterward.

The marines came to my rescue finally, gently but sternly forcing the women away from me. I went through two lines of marines, hurrying into the admiral's sanctum.

THE admiral, a tall man who smelled of strong cigars, looked at me with some disgust.

"You're Grant," he said.

"Yes, sir. With dispatches from—"

"I know, I know. The papers are full of you. Give them here and stand by."

I stood there at attention, like a rookie soldier in the presence of his first colonel, while he read, taking his time. His face was gaunt, his mouth austere, his ice-blue eyes were little and impatient. His head was bald, with a sandy gray ruff around the bald spot that gave him the look of a tonsured monk.

Mike and Jubilee were ushered in, but the admiral did not glance up. They were as rumpled as I. They stood as silently and straightly as I, and breathed as heavily.

"Good," said the admiral at last. He looked at Mike and Jubilee.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

"Michael Delevan, sometime sergeant in the marines, sir," I said, "and Jubilee, his—"

Something like humor came into the ice-blue eyes.

"Ah, your dog robber, and his. A gentleman. A gentleman's gentleman. And a gentleman's gentleman's gentleman. Be seated, gentlemen."

He snatched up a telephone and ordered a plane to be made ready.

"You're going to Washington at once," he said. "Now, lieutenant, suppose you tell me just what's happened. And make it brief. We haven't got all day."

I was still talking when we started for the plane. I looked around for Rita, peering over the admiral's shoulders. The crowd had more than doubled. It was cheering again, and rushing toward us. The marines had hard

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work holding it in check. I saw her. She was surrounded by men taking down on wads of paper every word she said, by men with cameras snapping her as she talked. She saw me, tried to run to me but could not. I waved my hand to her and got into the plane.

"Damned nuisance, having this in the papers," the admiral said.

"Yes, sir," I said; but I didn't know what he was talking about.

"You will report to Admiral Howze as soon as you reach Washington," he said, "and you will give him this envelope."

He turned abruptly and left me.

We were halfway across the continent, just leaving Indianapolis, if I remember rightly, when Mike thrust a folded newspaper into my hands.

"Thought the lieutenant would like to read about the Battle of Honolulu," he said. "Has the lieutenant a flask? After reading all that—"

I opened the paper, and saw my picture on the front page, and Mike's—old pictures taken when we were younger. It was Marian Lamar's story, printed in thick black type. It took pages and pages. It was as complete a story of battle as any trained observer could have told—but Marian had made Mike and me impossibly grand heroes. I blushed, remembering that all through the engagement I had never once been in peril, had fired not a single shot—had suffered nothing but the loss of a meal.

WHAT a good thing it was for her, I thought, that I had left her behind. She had scooped the world. Her paper must be very proud of her. But how had she done it? She must have found some sort of radio station in Honolulu, possibly in the British consulate. She must have sent her story streaking across the ocean, from British ship to British ship, to land, to a cable station, to London—and thence to all the world.

But why should skippers at sea be so accommodating to a girl reporter? It would have been only courtesy to send a few hundred words across half the world for her. But to send ten thousand words? The British Intelligence Office must have influenced that.

I read the story again, trying to find some clue, some hidden message, but could not. Staring at my own picture took away my wits. I threw down the paper in disgust, thinking, "Once a football hero, always a hero."

We arrived in Washington shortly after midnight. Admiral Howze was waiting in a closed automobile. A young aide led me to him.

"Go to the Mayflower," I bade Mike, "and register for me there as Lieutenant Gordon Thomas, Washington, D. C."

I SPENT the night talking to Howze, then chief of naval operations; and it wasn't until late in the morning that I stalked into the lobby of the hotel. Hurrying toward the desk, I came face to face with Marian Lamar. Impossible—but there she was. How? She looked up from an open newspaper. She flushed and something came into her eyes that set my heart racing. She came toward me quickly.

"When you see the President," she whispered, "tell him he must not send the fleet to sea. He must not, Jimmy! Do you hear? If you go to the relief of Oahu, you will be destroyed!"

She walked away from me then, thrusting the newspaper into my hands as she turned from me. I stood there like a fool, watching her. Not until she had stepped into a taxi, and the cab had disappeared, did I emerge from the semitrance into which her astonishing appearance had thrown me. Then I darted through the revolving doors. But it was too late. I looked at the newspaper then, and saw Rita's lovely face staring up at me.

"The Happiest Girl in the World," the caption underneath it read. "Rita Cannelle, fiancée of Lieutenant James 'Scram' Grant, welcomes him, home from epic battle, with a fervent kiss."

With the girl he loves making him a national hero in her newspaper "scoop," and the girl he loved blazoned to the world as his fiancée, what is Jimmy Grant to do? His heart at war as well as himself for his country! Read the next issue of Liberty for a vivid close-up of the double conflict imposed by a malign fate.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—William Lyon Phelps.
2—Corn—wholly or chiefly.
3—No, according to the United States Bureau of Standards.
4—Jack Johnson.
5—The Volga.
6—No; twilight occurs before sunrise as well as after sunset.
7—1 Kings 4: 7-8: "And Solomon had twelve officers over all Israel . . . And these are their names: Ben Hur, in the hill-country of Ephraim . . ."
8—In Peter Pan, by Sir J. M. Barrie.
9—Gandhi.
10—Twenty.
11—Marie Dressler.
12—At forty.
13—Usually between three and four dozen.
14—French.
15—A dark olive-green (in its wild state).
16—Yes; temperature is said often to affect the timekeeping quality of watches.
17—Superfluous.
18—Lanny Ross.
19—Lake Huron.
20—Joseph H. Choate

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What Hauptmann Did

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by D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

DURING the months of Hauptmann's reprieve I traveled up and down more than half the states of the Union checking the ideas of all sorts of men and women on a case that has more mystery angles than any other crime of our day. Or any other day.

I found a surprising number of persons who believed—as do Pastors Werner and Matthiesen—that Hauptmann was absolutely innocent of both the kidnaping and the extortion. I found more than half the people believing that he had nothing to do with the kidnaping, but that he got the ransom bills either through extortion or by buying "hot" money. And my own experiences certainly corroborate Governor Hoffman's declaration that "ninety per cent of the people of America believe firmly that even if Hauptmann is guilty there are other persons involved."

But Governor Hoffman himself added greatly to the confusion in the public mind by his attack on Whited and other witnesses.

To be fair to the public and perhaps to make his own conscience feel easier now that the death sentence has been carried out, there is one more witness that the Governor ought to tackle.

It is a silent relentless witness, which to those in the know has grown steadily stronger since the trial. A witness never really understood by the public. A witness that not only had the finger on Hauptmann, but had two hands on him so tight that he couldn't possibly shake them off by his repeated declarations of "I don't know anything about the Lindbergh case!"

New Jersey's governor would have done well to examine this witness thoroughly before he came to a final conclusion on how much doubt to throw on the state's case, and how much credence to bespeak for Hauptmann.

This witness is money!

I do not mean merely the $14,600 found in Hauptmann's garage. I mean all the moneys Hauptmann handled between April 2, 1932, the day the ransom was paid, and September 19, 1934, the day he was arrested. And with his finances before the ransom date as a measuring rod.

Hauptmann was by no means the "simple carpenter" that so many of his sympathizing protagonists chose to consider him. Mentally he never was a simple carpenter. Nor was he the piker that numbers of persons have called him because he demanded so moderate a sum for so colossal a crime.

For years he believed himself a great financier. The place to get rich was the stock market. All that was necessary was the first stake. If a fellow had, say, $50,000—and knew Wall Street as he had learned it by losing $3,403 of the joint savings of himself and his wife *before* 1932—well, there'd be nothing to it. The fifty thousand would snowball into half a million, a million, any amount!

But snowballs do not always roll and grow. Sometimes they stand still and melt, as the federal money sleuths know who followed the financial winding trails of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

So, first of all, the governor should have got in touch with Homer Cummings, Attorney General of the United States, and asked for the up-to-date balance sheet on Bruno Richard Hauptmann—as made up to the beginning of 1936 by the Intelligence Bureau of the Internal Revenue Service of the Treasury Department.

The money evidence at the trial was scattered. But past performances of these experts convince me they undoubtedly have their ace balance sheet in simple language that everybody can understand. And if Hauptmann was innocent, as he said he was, he ought to have answered that balance sheet in equally simple understandable language.

Which is exactly what he did not do at Flemington!

Attorney General Wilentz's hardest job at the trial was his struggle to drag out of the accused man an intelligible explanation of the cash that played into and out of his fingers during the twenty-nine months following the ransom payment. Hauptmann's odd cold eyes took on a different light when that subject came up—a keen light of eager sustained interest as he ducked and feinted and parried with Wilentz about money.

Not the ransom money found in the garage. That was easy to explain. Isidor Fisch left that. Just one of those things that might happen to any of us when a friend drops in for the evening!

It was that terrible other money—the big spendings, the heavy stock-market speculation. That was the toughest thing of all. He could give the lie to state witnesses who swore they saw him in New Jersey. He could hire handwriting experts to say he could not have written those ransom notes.

But all that money he'd been spending for two and a half years—that was the big rub. The big rub-out if he couldn't explain it away.

Remember, Hauptmann came from Europe. And in the simple logic of the Old World a prisoner who has a lot more money than he can account for is no longer "presumed to be innocent until proven guilty." The "burden of proof" is no longer on the prosecution but on him.

Filled with this desperate knowledge, and also knowing that his stock-market gambling was penny ante *before* the ransom payment, compared with his plunging *after* it, Hauptmann met Wilentz's questions with such a maze of evasions, stallings, bits of truth, misstatements, and deliberately complex obscurities that, when the newspapers printed all this eye-shattering confusion of testimony, the public became bogged in the early paragraphs and backed out.

That's why I have never met a layman who grasped the full force of the money witness against Hauptmann.

But this irrefutable money witness should be known to every one; so here it is in a form that everybody can read and understand. Based on the record, the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury Department listed among the funds handled by Hauptmann between ransom day and arrest day such items as:

Cash deposits in various brokerage accounts	$16,942.75
Cash deposits in various bank accounts	9,075.25
Ransom money found in garage	14,600.00
Gold coins found in box at home	120.00
Cash investment in a mortgage	3,750.00
Fur investment with Isidor Fisch	5,500.00

Out of such items and all the mass of figures in its work sheets the Internal Revenue experts have been in a perfect position to draw up a life-and-death balance sheet against Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

With the Missing Money

It is difficult to see how anybody can miss the simple, grim significance of the balance sheet that appears with this article, a silent witness, as I set it down in round numbers from trial testimony and other investigations.

Note in this balance sheet that Hauptmann *lost* in the stock market. That is a terrific jolt to the contention that he was innocent. Because it was out of stock-market winnings that Richard accounted to his wife for the new joy of living after April 2, 1932.

At Flemington he went right on doggedly declaring he had won in Wall Street. And he was right—he had won. *Some* of the time. But over the whole period from the date of the ransom to the date of his arrest he had *lost* $5,728.

If Governor Hoffman wasn't satisfied on that most important point, he might have arranged to put in a lot of hours going over the brokerage accounts subpoenaed by the Intelligence agents.

One should also linger quizzically over the items that add up to $9,381—listed as "living expenses."

A man would have to put on blinders to miss the psychological significance in the detailed accounting of Hauptmann's expenses from April 2, 1932, to September 19, 1934, as follows:

Radio (bought May, 1932)	$400.00
Canoe (bought July, 1932)	109.00
Binoculars	126.00
Hunting rifle (bought 1932)	66.00
Trips to Maine and Florida	300.00
Mrs. Hauptmann's trip to Germany (summer 1932)	700.00
To mother	150.00
Insurance	250.00
Baby Mannfried	190.00
Auto expenses	600.00
Expenses running house	3,690.00
Rent	1,500.00
Clothes and incidentals (approximately)	1,300.00
	$9,381.00

For an out-of-work carpenter in the depths of the depression, with the building trades shot to pieces, to go in for a $400 radio a month after the ransom payment, and follow up with such expensive luxuries as high-quality sporting goods, should have been more than a crossword puzzle to millions of Americans who have had to scrape along on bare necessities.

Hauptmann, of course, readily explained that he liked only the best radio sets. And when asked by the police why he had paid the high price of $126 for field glasses—when he already had an excellent pair before the kidnaping—he explained, "I am a nature lover!"

Just an innocent nature lover—and to hell with expense. All along, Hauptmann dodged on the subject of money; and it was right on that whole subject of money that the governor should have grappled with him when he insisted that he knew nothing about the Lindbergh case.

The governor had had enough experience with practical arithmetic to do the job well. So, after getting the federal boys to show him all the details that produce their final figures against Hauptmann, he ought to have been perfectly primed to drop around to the jail for a most useful chat.

"How come, Bruno," he might have asked, "that out of $6,000 you could lose $5,728 in the stock market, spend $9,381 for living, and wind up with $40,400 the day you were arrested? And not work?"

The fact was that this balance sheet didn't leave a single loophole for Hauptmann.

Fisch?

Hauptmann swore he did not discover the cardboard box of money in the broom closet until one month before he was arrested. That excuse left him wide open as to all the unexplained thousands he had poured into stocks and savings for the twenty-eight preceding months.

An accomplice? Or accomplices?

Then they were gypped, or they died before the pay-off. Because the federal men could pin more than $49,000 on Hauptmann alone. Which left much less than a thousand dollars for any others in with him. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Hauptmann's own explanation about the ransom money appeared in his final statement from the death house, published in Liberty last week. He insisted that only the $15,000 found in his possession was ever actually "pinned on" him.]

But this $49,000-odd was not all in ransom bills? Only $14,600 was found in the garage? And only about $6,000 in ransom bills turned up through the banks?

Right. But that still left Hauptmann with over $35,000 for which he could find no loophole.

But what became of the rest of the ransom bills?

There exist excellent reasons for believing that most of them disappeared back into the Treasury.

But even if Hauptmann did get all the ransom money, it doesn't prove he was the actual kidnaper, does it?

The fellow who got the $50,000 had to prove that he was the right one to receive the ransom. And he did prove it—by returning the sleeping garment taken from the body of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. Returned it with the same handwriting and the same symbol left in the nursery. Hauptmann's handwriting!

THE END

THE SILENT WITNESS

Assets April 2, 1932	$ 4,800
Odd jobs, plus interest	1,200
Credit Hauptmann, as legitimately accounted for	$ 6,000
Assets September 19, 1934	$40,400
Properly accounted for	6,000
Net gain in 29 months	$34,400
Gain in assets	$34,400
Living expenses (same period)	9,381
Stock-market losses (same period)	5,728
Total	$49,509
The ransom money	$50,000

The Swimmer

Liberty's Short Short

by WILLIAM E. BARRETT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE man in the pool below me cannot swim long.

I can see his eyes as he raises his face desperately above the muddy water and grabs frantically at the precipitous rock sides of the pool. There is terror in his face and there are stiff blue cords in his neck when he lifts his head. His skin is brown and there is some kind of birthmark on his cheek. It is hard to tell what his face might be like normally, because there is death in it now. His lips have the stretched, tight look of exhaustion and his nostrils flare out.

He has slipped back, and for the moment the brown water hides him completely.

He will not remain under. He has not yet reached the limit of his strength. Already the muddy water is breaking to permit his body a place upon the surface. He is trying to float and making hard work of it. His body is gaunt and thin and as stiff, I imagine, as an old tree. There is little buoyancy in it. He is paddling feebly and attempting once more to gain my attention. If I were a native Hindu he would have long since ceased to hope that I would save him. But I am an Englishman.

A strange thing, that. Birth places a stamp upon a man that all men may read forever. That which he writes himself upon his own life may be misread or read not at all. I have lived up and down Asia for a score of years. I am Asian in thought and feeling and belief. Yet to that poor beggar in the muddy tub—and to his cousins and his aunts—I am an Englishman. I know that I am not. I am merely wearing the stamp with which I was born and upon which I have written in the sweat and the blood of my own doubts and fears the word "Canceled."

The man is swimming again.

He pulls a slow, painful stroke. I imagine that he has been in the water a long time. The pool is like a quarry pit. There are many like it here in Benares. It is perhaps twenty-five feet across, measuring from any point on the edge. The rock upon which I lean this pad is but seven or eight feet above the water. From this rock to the pool the walls are sheer; dirty, glazed rock with few projections. It is thus about the entire circumference of the pool. If there were no water at all in the hole, it would still be a task for a man to escape from it. But the water is deep.

"Sahib!"

The man cried out so sharply then that I almost dropped this pencil into the pool. It must have taken an effort for him to raise his body high enough out of the water to release that yell. He is paying for that effort now. He has plunged once more below the muddy surface.

I am sorry for him, because he has struggled courageously. But my pity is impersonal. He is a stranger. I am of the East. A true Englishman—or an American—would have the beggar out of there and feel proud about it; might even fancy himself a hero for having dropped a looped belt to the poor struggling wretch.

In five minutes now, at the very most, this man will be dead. I do not intend to interfere. He is, as I said, a stranger. I know not what forces guided him to this hole, nor how he happened to fall from the brink. The life that he led before this night is a book sealed between him and whatever god sent him down. There may be pages yet in that book that are unwritten and that should never be written. Before that grim word "Finis" there is doubtless reason enough why this man hears the call of Death tonight. Who am I, to close a gate that I would not open?

Christian or Buddhist, I would not call Death down upon a man before his time. Nor will I tonight be rash enough to wave the hand of Death away.

"Sahib!"

The poor wretch whispered that time. He is right below me and I can look into his eyes as I write. They are probably brown in repose, but they are almost slate-colored now. There is a half-moon of blood-red on the white of the left eye. He has wrinkled lids, but they are well back off his eyes, as though horror had propped them wide. There is a sort of crust on his lips. He is a young man; no more than thirty, I would say.

It is young to die. Somewhere in the world tonight perhaps there is a mother who prays for the safety of her son. In the darkness of this pool perhaps some god answers that prayer. The hand that paddles so feebly against the muddy water may be the hand of a potential murderer. Perhaps that man's own mother prays, and Death is the only merciful answer.

"Sahib!"

He is nearly done, and he is fool enough to think that I will set my soul against the gods and black destiny. He calls to me as he would not call to one of his own—calling to a Christian fool, he thinks; a fool who reckons not nor cares not what responsibility he takes on his own soul.

His mouth is open like the mouth of a fish seeking water in the air that smothers it. The crust is breaking on his lips and his eyes bulge. He is kicking at the water. I cannot see his feet, but the water is disturbed. Death is touching him, and he is a weak thing under the touch. This is Karma and he will not bow to it. He is threshing wildly. . . .

Sahib!

He didn't say it. I read his lips. There was no sound. He is slipping back, and he will never come up if he once goes under. He has struggled so hard, and Death gives him no dignity. He hasn't even a god to go to. He is praying, but it is not to a god. He is praying to me—me! And I?

God help me, I have wasted twenty years! I am still an Englishman. I have got to—I'm going to—save him!

THE END

Sprightly, Serious, Suave

Mr. Capra Scores Again with a Wild, Gay Tale of a Boy and His Millions; the Glamorous West Provides a Tingling Epic, and a Deft Dilemma Proves Engaging

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglas Dumbrille, Raymond Walburn, H. B. Warner, Ruth Donnelly, Walter Catlett, John Wray, Margaret Matzenauer, Wyrley Birch, Gene Morgan, Warren Hymer. Directed by Frank Capra. Story by Clarence Budington Kelland.

FOR his latest offering the brilliant young Italian, Frank Capra, has taken Clarence Budington Kelland's story and, with the gleeful assistance of scenarist Robert Riskin, he makes it one of the most hilarious and completely satisfying movies of the season.

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town is something more than an important cinema. It's a good movie. This wild, deftly treated tale of a small-town boy who inherits twenty million dollars and comes to New York to learn about life has an infectious good humor that will win any audience. Full of typical Capra touches, and excellently played by the angular Gary Cooper and baby-voiced Jean Arthur, the film opens with a bang and never once shows signs of fatigue.

Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper in a scene from Mr. Deeds Goes to Town

The richest bachelor in America, Cooper is guarded from the public by his lawyer, Douglas Dumbrille, who hopes to manage the estate. Sneaking away from his bodyguards for an evening of unhampered sight-seeing, Cooper falls in with Jean Arthur, who takes him in hand. Convinced within a few days that every one is after his money, Cooper comes to trust only Miss Arthur.

That she is the reporter who has been ribbing him in the papers is no twist in plot development. And that greedy Mr. Dumbrille uses these stories to prove Mr. Cooper is insane and unfit to manage a fortune comes as no great surprise. But if Mr. Deeds Goes to Town lacks novelty in its broad outline, it certainly lacks nothing in its sprightly telling and playing.

The peak is reached in those biting and deliciously comic scenes wherein Mr. Deeds—an admitted tuba player and Christmas-card poet—goes on trial for his sanity. Seldom has Hollywood contrived a funnier sequence. Engagingly played by the whole cast from Lionel Stander to H. B. Warner, this giddy concoction may set you to wondering about your own mental stability. And it is sure to give all one could hope for in full-blown entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: Director Capra and scribbler Riskin keep batting them out perfect like a pair of Great Lovers. This is their fifth together; there are two more in preparation. . . . As usual, Gary Cooper did a lot of sleeping on the set, especially in courtroom scenes, when entire cast was kept assembled for five straight weeks (of the entire nine prod. sched.), whether used or not. Estimated Gary slept four of the five weeks. He's back from Bermuda-Europe junket, glad to putter among his tools and gadgets. That nine talkative minutes in the insanity scene's a record for him on and off screen. . . . Jean Arthur recommends falling in love to get out of a rut. Says she learned value of direct action from real-estate-broker husband. When did realtors act directly last? . . . More title vicissitudes than you can shake a stick at: Started as Opera Hat, then A Gent Goes to Town, then Cinderella Man, now this. . . . Douglas Dumbrille's claim to distinction is, he's been broke in every town of over 100,000 pop. in this country. He and Sourpuss Lionel (Groucho) Stander spent much time bragging which had the more uneconomic dossier. Lionel's N. Y. born, son of a Latvian-American C. P. A. He eats garlic to build himself up (and knock every one else down). George Bancroft'll never go broke, because he and George M. Cohan split a $100 bill once and promised to send the half to the other should he ever need it. . . . I bet you can't remember H. B. Warner as the original Jimmy Valentine, which he played for three straight years. . . . Raymond Walburn came to Cal. to catch bigger fish than John Barrymore, Zane Grey, Mack Sennett, but since arriving he's been too busy to unload his tackle. . . . Mme. Matzenauer, who warbled to Caruso's tenor, made her debut in this on twenty-four-hour notice—much as she once replaced Geraldine Farrar at the Met. on two-hour notice.

★ ★ ★ ½ SUTTER'S GOLD

THE PLAYERS: Edward Arnold, Lee Tracy, Binnie Barnes, Katherine Alexander, Addison Richards, Montagu Love, John Miljan, Robert Warwick, Harry Carey, Mitchell Lewis, William Janney, Ronald Cosbey, Nan Gray. Directed by James Cruze. Screen play by Jack Kirkland, Walter Woods, George O'Neill. From the story by Blaise Cendrar.

SUTTER'S GOLD is a serious, lively, and impressive account of the life of Johan Sutter, the resourceful Swiss who wandered halfway around the world to set up a kingdom in the heart of California. Admittedly colored, this biography has the punch of a Wild West show and the emotional sweep of the richly poignant life it portrays.

Directed by the veteran James Cruze, who has spotted many old-fashioned but rousing chases, the picture includes scenes of such variety, both of background and mood, that it easily overcomes its occasional weak moments.

Sutter's Gold opens with the escape of Sutter from Switzerland, where he had become involved in a murder,

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and ends many years later, when Sutter, a broken and derided man, dies on the Capitol steps. Between this swift introduction and tragic close the picture is crammed with lush incident.

Though these travels are exciting film fare, they are, in a sense, but a prologue to the story of the man himself. Edward Arnold, playing the title role, offers a compelling transition performance. His characterization of a bucolic bumpkin who sets up an agrarian empire and withstands the attacks of both the Mexicans and the Russians has an epic quality. It is gold, however, not men, that defeats Sutter.

Though the picture is, of necessity, episodic, it is warm with feeling and tingling with adventure. Binnie Barnes and Lee Tracy emerge with striking portraits. And because Sutter's Gold—like The Life of Louis Pasteur and The Prisoner of Shark Island—treats of a real man, it is full of the breath of life.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tough-soft veteran megger James Jarnegan Cruze, born Jens Cruz Bosen at Ogden, Utah, about fifty years ago on eve of the Battle of Vera Cruz anniversary, having been through more than Hollywood itself, just can't be killed off. Originally a ranch hand, got money to take acting course via salmon fishing; then acted; then directed, at which he's been for years and years. Directed all in all 111 features costing about $25,000,000, his own salary leaping to $7,000 a week after his Covered Wagon feat. Introduced moving camera to pictures; made first gangster picture; used first machine gun. So he's the guy to get! Is as unsmiling, unpretentious as ever, and if you knew his story inside and out you'd know everything and more than there's to be learned about Hollywood. Still Hollywood's fastest worker—rarely ever reshooting anything—he filmed thirty-one scenes first day's work. . . . With Sutter's Gold release, Carl Laemmle, Sr., after twenty-five years at Universal City, with oldest living plant in Hollywood, bows out of pictures, having sold the place to Charles Rogers for $9,000,000. . . . Cendrar's novel is translated from the French, Cendrar being Paris born, of Swiss-Scotch blood. Producer Edmund Grainger's only twenty-nine. . . . Edward Arnold sprained his ankle early in picture, couldn't stand, so Cruze shot hospital scenes. Later Arnold fell off hoss and got kicked on same ankle but no bones were broken—just a couple of days lost. . . . Lee Tracy favors marriage, but for others. He's trying to make the theater marquees again. Plays the oldest part herein he's ever played. Had to have his hands made up to look old. . . . To commit Harry Carey is a Hollywood phrase referring to an ex-star becoming a Western actor. . . . Binnie Barnes, dotter of that London Bobbie, was once a milkmaid, a kennel maid, a tailor's ass't, ballroom dancer, and a rope spinner in vodvil. . . . The most exciting news about K. Alexander these days is, she's collecting German music boxes.

★ ★ ½ THE UNGUARDED HOUR

THE PLAYERS: Franchot Tone, Loretta Young, Lewis Stone, Roland Young, Dudley Digges, Jessie Ralph, Robert Greig, E. E. Clive, Aileen Pringle. Directed by Sam Wood. From the play by Ladislaus Fodor.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR refers to that lapse that may occur in even the most shrewdly conceived alibi. And for an evening of brisk mental gymnastics the film is rigorous exercise. Though the plot is too neatly evolved to be realistic, Director Sam Wood has so smoothly dovetailed the complicated workings, so suavely proved his point, that the film is arresting diversion.

In it Franchot Tone is seen as a young barrister just about to convict a man on circumstantial evidence. Tone's wife, nicely played by the lovely Loretta Young, knows that the man is innocent, but to come to his rescue is to involve herself in a scandal that would ruin her husband's

career. Though Miss Young can't convince her husband that circumstantial evidence is often likely to be misleading, The Unguarded Hour goes through some intricate mazes to convince and ensnare Tone himself.

It's not fair to prospective audiences to divulge the entire plot, but we must tell you that The Unguarded Hour develops in a manner to interest amateur detectives. In a film of events rather than characters, Roland Young and Dudley Digges manage to give exceptional performances.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sound, hale, and again r'arin' to go, Loretta (Crawford-eyed) Young is back after a long time sick—a diseuse with an unknown disease. She likes ugly men and even homely ones, fellers. She's still in the public domain, too—waiting for her spiritual dream prince. . . . Franchot and Mrs. Tone during filming gave their first big Hollywood brawl at Ambassador to introduce Leopold (Woodwaver) Stokowski to film colony, Joan having met Leo East and liking him muchly. With Leopold around the Tone mansion itself has been echoing with pure Bach these days. Tone doesn't like himself on the screen; never does as well as he thinks he ought to do. . . . Newcomer Henry Daniel is English via New York stage; was brought on for this one to be given a long-term contract after second day acting, his work being that good. . . . Robert Greig, having got himself bitten by the dog in Tough Guy, is glad to be back in buttling costume. . . . Roland Young is much cherished on the set, obliging endlessly with his caricatures of all and anecdotes printable and otherwise. . . . Sam Wood's in good graces at M-G-M because he's made Night at the Opera, Whipsaw, money-getters.

★★ I MARRIED A DOCTOR

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Louise Fazenda, Olin Howland, Ray Mayer, Margaret Irving, Robert Barrat, Willard Robertson, Alma Lloyd. Directed by Archie Mayo. Story by Sinclair Lewis.

A CURIOUSLY unbalanced film with awkwardly amateurish scenes placed next to bits of bright satire, I Married a Doctor is a forceful but long-winded exposé of small-town intolerance. Suggested by Sinclair Lewis's great novel, Main Street, this bitter blast against village smugness has times when it is very nearly outstanding. But its lack of discipline and an inclination to talk the theme into the ground prevent it from becoming consistently moving.

Though the plot is rather involved—all about a friendship mistaken for love—the picture is intent on proving but one thing: country towns won't take to city ideas. Josephine Hutchinson is the optimistic cosmopolite who marries a country doctor (Pat O'Brien) and comes to his village hoping to change the town rather than herself. The stubborn pettiness that blocks the young wife's happiness is shown in the keenly etched town characters, the jealous women and the suspicious men.

I Married a Doctor could never have been a pretty picture. And even with Ray Mayer doing a brilliant job as a rural radical, it misses, for all its sharpness, being an entirely convincing diatribe.

VITAL STATISTICS: The present vogue for sawbone epics caused title switch. . . . Sinc Lewis gave up a secure twenty grand a year hack writing to get Main Street off his chest. Never expected to make a penny from it. So he made $100,000 on it the first year; another $100,000 on it later. Was first American scribbler to get Nobel Prize. When Lewis's home, Sauk Center, Minnesota, cooled off from insult done it in Main Street, it erected a bronze tablet to him. . . . Main Street was made as a silent just thirteen years ago. Louise Fazenda was in it too. . . . Pat (Dear) O'Brien's finished tiffing with Warner Bros., winning his withdrawal from a part he didn't care for. Learned to remove that arm of Bob Barrat's by correspondence course with ex-college chum now a doctor; has set Mrs. O'Brien up in a Bevhille dress shoppe, his idea being to allow wives economic freedom. Why? . . . Jo Hutchinson hates being thought a highbrow; says starring is 75 per cent technique and 25 per cent health, latter attainable by eating plenty of veggies and working them off on plenty of hossbacks. . . . Baby Peggy—now tall, slender, eighteen, black-haired and -eyed, red-lipped, pale-faced, and called Peggy Montgomery—is an extra in this. She hopes some day to become a star again via stage and stock grind.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY,** popular edition, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons.
This has some of the pictures from the original edition. The story remains, in spite of all its sentimentality, a deathless one.

★★★ **PATRIOTIC LADY** by Marjorie Bowen. D. Appleton-Century Company.
A fascinating, if unsympathetic, account of a professional hero and a professional beauty. Miss Bowen mercilessly debunks one of the world's greatest love stories.

★★ **THIS MAN LANDON** by Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Not very exciting reading about a man it is difficult to get excited about.

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A Struggle by Starlight, a Whiff of Hashish, a Tumble into a Harem—New Thrills in a Gripping Chronicle of the Hunted Men's Militia in India

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

A STORM enabled Digger and Barney to escape from the Mad Fakir's mountain stronghold. They fell in with a camel caravan and represented themselves to be Moslems on their way to Peshawar. The caravan's *provindahs* seemed distrustful but took them along. At the village of the Zakka Khel, a ferocious Afridi tribe, the khan feasted the whole party and gave the two a room to themselves. During the night, with the help of two Hindu girl slaves, they gained access to an underground chamber in the fort that was stored with tons of contraband small arms and machine guns—evidently the Mad Fakir's own arsenal.

In the morning they got away and hurried on to Peshawar. Colonel Strong set out for the village with the reinforced Militia. Barney, still in native costume, was to "sneak down into that cellar and see if the armory is still intact," and at the blast of a whistle all platoons were to make for the fort. Digger reached it just as the colonel put the khan under arrest, and was ordered to take half his platoon and "search this building from top to botton—Mr. Binns has mysteriously disappeared."

PART SIX—OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO—JAIL!

A MEANINGFUL look passed between us. I made straight for the dungeon, thrusting aside the gaping guards, feeling as excited as the devil. Here we were, right inside the lion's mouth, so to speak, and that fellow Strong was as cool as a sexton in a village church.

And it was fun. We came upon Binns manhandling a couple of guards at the door of the armory itself. We made short work of the Afridis and crashed the door. The contraband was all intact. Our boys stared hard at the sight of all those arms, the stacked cases of ammunition. Every man was loaded up with "evidence" before we marched back to the commander.

Strong's look of astonishment was a superb piece of acting. When it was explained that what lay before him was only a fraction of the vast store in the dungeons, he moved with slick promptitude. The khan and all his twenty elders and mullahs and councilors were tied together with halters, and a heavily armed guard was stationed over them.

By this time the remaining platoons had rolled up. We were in possession of the fort, if not of the village. Wagons were brought. Every available man was put to the enormous task of bringing up the arms from the dungeons. The afternoon was advancing and we realized the advisability of getting clear of this village with our spoil before night set in.

The khan and his elders stood in a roped line under the wall. Outside the courtyard the ominous growl of the gathering villagers grew louder, more insistent.

We had yet to get away with this audacious raid. We were merely a company of levies, and vastly outnumbered. In the eyes of the Afridis we were just a bunch of robbers who, for the moment, had the upper hand.

We marched out with the setting of the sun. Armed villagers came swarming out after us. Colonel Strong rode at the head of our column. Immediately behind him trudged the khan and his elders surrounded by guards; then came the wagons loaded with loot, drawn by mules, with a double-armed guard along each flank; after which

came the baggage, kitchens, ration carts, and followers, and the remainder of the company tailing the rear of the column, where the vociferous Afridis yapped at our heels.

The march went stolidly on for an hour and gradually the tribesmen fell back, apparently leaving us to continue our way in peace. But we knew, every man jack of us, that there was trouble ahead. When darkness came Strong called a halt. Camp was pitched. The prisoners and the wagons of arms were placed in the center, and the whole company spread in an extended circle with hardly a pace between each man and the next. Machine-gun crews took up their positions. We had enough ammunition to keep a battalion at bay until daylight.

We had known it would be impossible to get through to the Pass under cover of darkness. All over the Zakka Khel the tribesmen were massing for an attack upon us. Our camp had been chosen with care—on the crest of a hill that overlooked the wide valley and where we found ample natural breastworks of crags and boulders.

There was no moon. Myriads of stars cast a pale indifferent light, a soft violet gloom, over all that countryside. Just the same, we could see the creeping shapes, dark moving shadows, for nearly an hour before the attack opened. It seemed as if they came out of the very bowels of the earth. We had our orders. We made no move.

At last a piercing whistle—and almost simultaneously our machine guns broke into their reiterated hacking and clattering. The Afridis were rising up all around us. Bullets sprayed them, sent them toppling crazily into the dirt. Still they came. Blood drenched this night and death hung over the valley of the Zakka Khel. Soon the hillsides were littered with the debris of battle—limbs, bodies, queer shapes that tumbled down into the gloomy depths, and it seemed we were having it all our way. For we were rolling them back.

My hands free, I started in on his wrists, working in a fever of impatience.

We exulted too soon. A clop of hoofs, the steady beat of earth, that ominous concerted thud, and there wove into view a line of madly galloping horsemen. Instantly the machine guns sprayed them, broke the line. Wounded horses screamed as only wounded horses can. Riders and beasts tumbled about in the wildest confusion, demoralizing the other attackers.

Even so, a number of horsemen came close in, plunged at our lines. A hell's broth of men flew at them knife in hand, unseated them by cruel jabbing of quivering flanks. Riders were picked up and thrown back among the confusion of men and animals. They went down in heaps, riddled where they lay, kicked to death by flying hoofs; beasts of four legs and beasts of two rolling and scrambling inextricably.

And all the while the machine guns crackled and spat. Again the lines rolled back. The attack fell to a desultory firing, intermittent flashing of rifles. Men moved about the broken ground dragging their wounded after them, vague silhouettes in the dimness.

They had thought to take us by surprise with a cavalry charge after their infantry had engaged us; but this crazy reversing of battle order had availed them nothing. We gave not an inch of ground. The solid phalanx of Hunted Men's Militia held firm as rock. There was that little matter of prestige—and a lost platoon. Officers of the regular troops, it seemed, had been referring loftily to our loss of a whole platoon.

One realized, in this battle of the Zakka Khel, how deeply that reprehensible episode had sunk. It did occur to me that a certain taut little commander had deliberately brought on this scrap in order to salve a reputation!

I stared from my squatting seat behind the gun—and wondered. I wouldn't put it past a fellow like Strong. So many little people are vain. I suspected something of the sort regarding this buttoned-up martinet of an O.C.

But the night was young. They came again—yelling fanatics, hordes of them, dying for the faith and the release of a beloved chieftain. It was inconceivable that we could hold them back indefinitely!

Again we waited until they were waist-high, then opened out with a volley of rifle fire. No check. The machine guns cut loose with a splatter like hail on a corrugated roof. That certainly checked them. Somebody was operating the French gun we had found among the contraband. It rose above the rest in a crescendo of snaps and snarls. It sounded deadly and it certainly was! The line bent back, gave way. They continued in frantic rushes, dropping here and there like rotten sheep. What unholy slaughter was this!

Hideous faces rose up before one and were blotted out. Soon I was conscious of the wounded lying around me, men cursing and groaning while they strove to raise a weapon. Yet, after all that frightful slaughter, it was the coming of another day that saved the situation for us! When the light came up the Afridis turned tail.

A tight little figure swept past me, his revolver barking. "Charge!" he bawled.

The boys rose up and raced after the fleeing tribesmen, potting the wounded stragglers, bayoneting the fallen, kicking up a terrific hullabaloo in that wonder of a dawn. It was a ghastly spectacle. For an appalling half-hour there was no stopping them. They ran and stabbed and shot and bludgeoned until they dropped from sheer exhaustion. What a countryside! What a morning! What a shambles!

But what did it matter? What did anything matter? Hunted Men's Militia had retrieved its vaunted reputation.

The affair also gained for us a little respite, a trifle of rest and refreshment. Binns and I decided that this was the opportunity to look into the soul of Peshawar, to see whether its evil reputation was deserved or merely the dark imaginings of romantic tale spinners. By this time we were quite at home in the garb of the border. Naturally we chose to do our wandering in the dark hours. The swirling crowd *was* sinister then. It required no stretch of fancy to see it bent upon pursuits as dark as the night.

We strolled down the dark narrow alleys, into first one house of delight and then another.

"I'll bet there's more kick in it than this, if we can locate it," quoth Binns.

"Persistent devil!" I murmured, just as eager to sample anything once.

NAUTCH girls swayed and pirouetted, worming their supple bodies in voluptuous rhythm for our especial delight. Kashmiri maidens fair as lilies, with features of a fascinating purity, molded flexible forms of startling beauty, ministered to our appetites for strange foods and stranger drinks.

Man is an insatiable animal.

I am ready to concede that we were, peradventure, a trifle fuzzed with the things we had eaten, drunk, seen, and sampled when that bewitching Jezebel of the smiling lips and starry eyes beckoned to us from the shade of her balcony. How could we at such a time appreciate that our every step was being watched? We thought only of the deathless delights which she offered.

There were others present—a dozen or so of men and boys dressed pretty much as we were, only these other fellows were the real thing. They had smoked the pipe before. So we squatted on the quilted couches and inhaled from the hashish-charged hookahs and tried to look as if this was a nightly indulgence with us.

My own first reaction was to feel as sick as a dog. I stared at the bubbling water in the head of the hookah and wondered how long I could hold out before making a thorough exhibition of myself. The danger passed. There came a wild glad wonder of the soul. Life took on an entirely heightened hue. Every common thing about one became highly colored, emphasized, exaggerated. Before my eyes were color symphonies of a delicacy and variety quite beyond normal experience. I felt liberated! My skin prickled, tightened. This was the summit of all experience, the limit of sensation. I was lured on into the night of time, to heights of hitherto unperceived happiness.

And all the time I drew slowly and peacefully at the stem of the hubble-bubble, even while the imagination raced and the pulses beat more and more swiftly.

Suddenly something jarred. It shocked and shook me like a blow. I fell forward into oblivion, clutching with sweaty hands at the bubbling glass vessel of the hookah.

The aftermath was not pretty. Physically it was nauseating. Yet with Binns and his temperamental partner ("Try anything once, would you!") there were no regrets. It was not the reaction of dull ache and fogged brain that worried us. It was the fact that we awoke to strange surroundings and to the knowledge that we were prisoners, trussed up from head to foot.

We must unknowingly have walked into the den of our enemies.

IT was a bare room in which we found ourselves—four walls, a door, and a heavily barred window. Fresh air blew in, a soft murmur rose from crowded streets. Evidently we were high up in this building. We looked at each other, then at the window bars. Morning sunlight was streaming in. Binns's mouth, like mine, was covered with tape. That was a favorite trick of Lenhai's, though not necessarily peculiar to him.

Binns threw himself across the floor by sheer abdominal muscular action until his face was touching my feet. He worked the India-rubber muscles of his jowl furiously, and at last had looped the center of the tape over the pointed turn-up of my sandal. He tore savagely. The tape came away, bringing the skin of his jaw with it.

"Thought they had us taped, huh? Roll over, Digger, and get your pan alongside mine!"

I did so. Binns began to chew my face off—at least, it felt like that! I think I've referred to his tombstone teeth before. I learned the strength of them on this particular occasion. When he had finished, we lay and panted for a while.

"How d'ye feel, Digger?"

"Like a first-class hang-over."

"Well, heave your carcass up a little. I'm going to chew your wrist cords."

He did, gnawing and tugging, grunting and spitting for the better part of an hour. At last my hands were free. I worked the numbness out of them and started in on his wrists, working in a fever of impatience lest some one come in at that door and upset everything. In a short time we could raise ourselves on tottering feet. We made for the window. It was not more than breast-high. The fresh air restored us.

We were looking down upon housetops. People in the streets were plainly visible. We judged we were four or five stories up. There was a flat roof below us, with a drop of about eighteen feet. That was a mere step to us—always providing we could wrench out one of these iron bars. The structure was of sun-dried bricks. It seemed to depend on how far the iron was sunk into the brickwork. Picking up the pieces of rope we knotted them around one of the bars and used our combined strength in pulling on it. Suddenly it gave way, bringing down a rubble of dust and broken brickwork, and fell with a devil of a clatter into the room.

We dived, using the rope for four or five feet of the drop and risking the remainder. Instinctively we looked up from the flat roof, saw a face at the window. It was our old friend Mahrila. The pale oval of her face was contorted; the smoldering eyes burst into angry flame. We waved, gave her the peace of Allah. Her answer was most unladylike.

"Did ya fly over, Mahrila, or couldn't you find your flying breeches? We left 'em for you, the last time we dated you!"

The head disappeared. Knives whizzed through that window with startling aim. They followed us as we scrabbled about the roof on all fours. One bit into my leg just as we reached the parapet. Then the shower

stopped. They could not risk throwing knives over into the street below. That, in fact, was why they had not fired upon us—afraid of arousing the attention of passers-by.

"Nice kinda people to spend an evening with, huh?"

We could afford to be facetious. The street might be fifty feet below, but it was broad daylight, and if we could not find a way down there, we could at least yell our heads off until somebody looked up and took notice.

We lounged on the parapet and gazed down. The world seemed to be waking to the bustle of another day. It all looked very peaceful. But it couldn't be. Had we not collected seven wicked-looking knives from this very roof? Pretty souvenirs! I remember Mahrila's head came forth again. I pointed a knife playfully. She ducked hurriedly.

It must have been pretty maddening for her and her henchmen, seeing us so close yet so inaccessible. Just the same, we were hard put to it to find a way down. It was a sheer drop. We watched the throngs go by. Drift of drowsy voices rose to us.

"Guess you'll be late for reveille, Digger," Binns commented placidly.

WE could have yelled, but now that Mahrila had shown herself, we did not wish to draw attention to our presence. We explored the length and breadth of the roof. Apparently this building stood out from the taller stack. There were open windows immediately below us on three sides, and at one of these a small timbered veranda with a gaily striped awning. There appeared to be no other way down. We took off our long loose Pathan shirts and started to tear the coarse material into strips. With the aid of the knives supplied us by Mahrila's boy friends we soon fashioned a length of rope. It would cover some eighteen of the twenty-five feet of drop to that veranda.

Binns insisted that his weight would sag the awning and prevent any possibility of a slither into the street below. I was not at all happy about that. In the end he struck the brilliant idea of jabbing with a knife as he left the tail of the rope and struck the sun hood. We made fast to the coping and threw the rope over. I watched him slide down it—held my breath when his hands were clutching the tail-end of it—gasped when he let go, dropped on to the canvas, and dug with the knife. He slid crazily along as the blade ripped the wretched fabric, hung on to the framework for perilous seconds, then fell through to the balcony underneath.

I followed. If I had hesitated for a second after his disappearance I should have been too much of a coward to essay the wild plunge. My fingers slipped off the end of the rope before I realized I was there, and down I went, straight through the rent of the awning to the balcony.

I lay where I had fallen, with Binns holding me down. Just above our crouching bodies was an open window

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backed by what looked like a curtain of black velvet. We could hear a soft murmur of voices. Women in there, we decided. Well, whoever they were, they stood in our path. There was no other way left open to us now. The drop to the street was too much of a good thing.

"A harem, by God!" croaked Binns. "We *would* land in a place like this!"

We stood up, reached for the curtains, and sprang in. It seemed as if a dozen women started screaming at once. By all the powers! Harem indeed! And its occupants in various stages of undress! We bolted across the room, leaping couches, knocking over tiny tables, shooting crockery all over the place, while the piercing screams of the ladies rent our eardrums. This was the final insult, the sin of sacrilege. If we were caught now we should be torn limb from limb or subjected to the Koranic law of a thousand cuts.

A bellowing roar came up to us as we emerged into a corridor. A flight of stairs faced us and we took them in our stride. Not until we were halfway down did we realize that two menservants were coming hastily up. We all four went down in a heap at the bottom, but the other two were naturally underneath. They lay there; we dashed on. In two minutes that peaceful house was a regular tornado of clamoring voices and stampeding feet.

If the situation had not been so fraught with peril, it might have been quite laughable. We came to an open-fronted room where the sunshine blinded us, and literally leaped out into the courtyard. We reached the heavily timbered outer door but did not stay to fumble with bolts and bars; instead, we used the heavy crossbeams to clamber to the crest of the wall. We fell into the street and ran. In a few moments we had dived into the heart of the thronged highway and were proceeding at a more leisurely pace while our lungs heaved for air.

We must have looked a pair of rapscallions. Not only were we without our Pathan shirts but our turbans had gone sometime during the night. The sun was blazing hot and we knew all about it. That was why we slunk along to the bazaar—for shelter, and with some idea of trading our collection of knives for turbans. No Peshawari in his senses would walk about under a blazing sun bareheaded. Besides, it's bad manners for a Moslem to appear in public without his turban. We were, therefore, under suspicion from the moment we stepped into the street. Men turned and stared.

WE dipped into a booth and offered our knives for a few yards of puggree cloth. The ancient shopkeeper took the knives, gave one glance at them, eyed us sharply, and shook his head. He was a Hindu. He could not understand why two good Pathans who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and brought back beautiful curved knives from that holy city should now be trying to trade them for a paltry bundle of cloth!

And as he talked, curious passers-by stopped, looked, and listened, and jeered at us. I caught Binns's sidelong glance. Somebody immediately behind the bench on which we sat was also jeering—and *he* was not a Hindu! He knew we were not what we purported to be. Did he know, too, of that frightened harem back there? In a minute the whole bunch of them would be sniggering.

I saw the flush mounting up to Binns's temples. He spoke sternly to the Hindu, informing him he could either hand back the knives without further parley or hand over the required turban cloth. The ancient recoiled for a second, then recovered himself. He had drawn a crowd to his stall, and what could be better for trade than that? Moreover, the people were clearly siding with him.

Binns tried again. I tried repeatedly. It seemed we were but helping to entertain the mob. Even then all might have gone well if it had not been for the particular member standing behind Binns. He raised a laugh by tweaking my companion's ear. That tore everything. We jumped up from the bench and swung round together. My friend's great paw shot out and over went the scoffer, bowling over others in his tumble.

Thereafter a perfect family scrap. We sailed in with a will. These lads knew little of the art of fisticuffs. It happened that we knew enough. In a few moments that Hindu's stall was thrown over, his goods were scattered, filched, the whole place wrecked, while he stood back and wrung his terrified hands. The mob grew. Moslem hit out at Hindu. Women ran screaming. Sticks and knives flew through the air. Binns and I stood together and endeavored to fight a way out.

But it was not easy. The crush was now too thick and too heavy. We lashed out right and left. Of course it was fun. But it was also broad daylight and the thing was growing into a riot.

The shouts and yells of the infuriated mob brought the inevitable result. A detachment of native police rushed in, belaboring all and sundry with their iron-shod staffs. But they made little headway. That was obvious from the sudden blast of whistles.

Presently troops were coming up. We had not bargained for this! An officer on a charger rode straight into us, and his detachment with fixed bayonets closed in fore and aft on that tunnel of a bazaar. It was all over when Tommy rolled up. Nobody wanted to fight any more. Unfortunately Binns and I were right in the middle of the mêlée and could not break out. We found ourselves prisoners with the rest of the mixed bag.

Nor was there any chance of escaping when we were marched off to the *thana* [native jail]. There was nothing for us to do but keep step with the other prisoners—nearly a hundred—and take our medicine. And to think that all this had grown out of a determination to try the smoke of hashish just once!

"Well, buddy, I guess we're in a jam again."

It certainly did look as if it were becoming a habit!

"SINCE you fellows are so fond of running about for experience," said Colonel Strong, "I'll let you stay in here and get a taste of native prison life."

"But—for three months, sir!" I gasped.

"Well, now, all that time won't be necessary, will it?"

He had come to the jail in response to a message we had sent. He had listened to the tale of events that had led up to the incident in the bazaar. We had informed him in our message of the contact made with Mahrila. A detachment had been sent at once to the house we had indicated; but Mahrila of course had flown.

"Your being in jail might be a most fortunate coincidence," pursued the colonel. "Here are you two beggars nicely ensconced in the same prison as those blighters from the Zakka Khel. I'll have you put to work among 'em. It's unlikely they'll recognize you as members of the Militia who rounded 'em up—if you stick to the rags you're in now and don't shave. Understand?"

His scheme looked both brilliant and foolproof to us, and it might well mean the end of the Mad Fakir. Anyway it promised adventure of the first order, and Binns and I jumped into it with enthusiasm.

Even the brutal prison guards were not to know who we were. We should be put into one of the prison gangs to work—with the men from the Zakka Khel; we should suffer the same punishments with the whip, do the same work as the rest, and generally live the life of these jailbirds.

It panned out that way—up to a point. In the grueling days that followed, Binns and I learned to the full just what it felt like to be a native prisoner. We were looked upon by the prison authorities and by the prison guards as desperate criminals, and were treated accordingly! But we had started this thing and there was nothing to do but go through with it.

Ingratiating ourselves with certain members of the Zakka Khel was not so difficult as it might seem. We singled out three of the Afridis with whom we worked and confided to them that we were planning to escape. They were facing five years of this ghastly incarceration—which they certainly deserved, considering their crimes. We gave them the impression that we also were doing five years. After which it did not take us long to get together, so to speak.

But I am quite sure that Colonel Strong had had no idea of the sort of life he was letting us in for!

Out in the barren country we were set to work to build a road out of the rock face of the mountain, under the

bull whips of the guards and in the scorching heat. Then it was that we learned of the ambitions of our friends. They, too, were planning to escape. We should join them. They made us known as trustworthy comrades to two more of the Zakka Khel who were ringleaders in their planning—and one of these proved to be none other than our acquaintance the khan! To our immense relief, he didn't recognize us.

They would not be so foolish as to run to their homes, where they would surely be found. They would go to the secret fastness of Lenhai himself—for the cursed British knew nothing of it.

As Barney Binns would say, that was all we wanted to know!

Imagine us, then, for days on end sweating with the labor of breaking stone and cutting a path across the mountain face, searching always for a means of escape—days when to straighten one's back for a second was to earn the slash of the long bull whip. Long before we finally made that getaway Binns and I had grown to look upon those sadistic guards with a wholehearted hatred.

But how to get away? On one side of this road rose the sheer façade of the mountain; on the other was a crazy drop into the gully. To go down would be hopeless. There were possibilities up the mountainside—providing we could find a cleft to dodge into without undue delay. The guards would not follow. They could but fire at us from wherever they happened to be at the time—for they must stand fast to watch the other prisoners. In brief, if we could find cover quickly enough, we had a chance.

THERE came the afternoon when we witnessed a totally unexpected attempt to escape on the part of two men in the gang hardly known to us, for they were fresh comers. It all happened in a flash. We were sweating in the unyielding heat. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a guard lash at a bent back. The prisoner straightened suddenly, swung his shovel, caught the guard a glancing blow on the shoulder which sent him down. Another guard rushed up but was checked by another prisoner, who had also swung his shovel. I am sure the thing could not have been premeditated, for those two prisoners stared at each other for a breathless second, then dived simultaneously for the valley.

Shots followed them. One was hit in the leg and brought down before he had covered twenty yards. The other ran on, zigzagging, stumbling, and slithering in the shifting rubble. Then he too was winged. He threw up his arms, spun madly, and pitched into the dirt.

The whole thing was over in two minutes. We had straightened up to watch the incident.

The guards raced along, lashing out right and left. We returned to our sweated labors and our muttered blasphemies, and the hideous grind went on as if nothing had happened.

"My God!" I gasped. "We'll never get out of this!"

"Quit beefing! We've gotta!"

Of course. But already we had been on this oventop of a mountain for four weeks. It seemed to me that we should have to toil and sweat for months before our chance came.

And yet we might have known that our commander would not let us down.

A party of prison officials and military officers came one day to look over the road-cutting. Colonel Strong was in the party. It was rather a shock to see him there, and it was difficult to restrain oneself from approaching him. As they moved past the spot where I was working, he stopped. He murmured in Pushtu, explaining that in a day or so we should be round the spur of rock and in sight of a getaway. He passed on, hesitated again when he came to Binns, as if interested in the man and his work, gave my companion the remainder of his message. It was all over in a minute.

PIECING together the murmured instructions, we gathered that it would take us about four days to round the spur of rock, and that there we should find a way of escape and also some assistance.

It took us five days to come into view of that wooded cleft in the hillside—the longest and most grueling five days I can remember. Then it was clear from the animated faces of the Afridis that they too saw the chance. The rest was a matter of silent nods and tappings with the hammers; we could, by that time, hold a conversation with the hefty hammers we swung at the rock. It was left to the Zakka Khel khan himself to make the first move.

He did nothing about it for a whole miserable day, and I returned to our quarters at dusk with my nerves in shreds. It seemed he had intended to give the signal just before we should be lined up for the march back at dusk, but there had turned out to be too many guards at the point of departure.

Obviously dusk was the best time. Night would cover us within a few minutes of getting away. So another whole day had to drag its weary length.

Then, suddenly, unexpectedly as it seemed to my tortured nerves, the khan lifted his hammer. Instead of hitting the rock he caught the nearest guard a glancing blow on the leg that dropped him like a log.

A breakneck dash for freedom, under fire! Then a touch-and-go trek with the fugitive Zakka Khel, who made for the Mad Fakir's stronghold! At their heels was a British army—but ahead were Lenhai and his cutthroats and Mahrila! How did Digger and Barney fare in this desperate situation? Let Captain Blackledge tell you in the concluding installment of Company of the Damned, next week.

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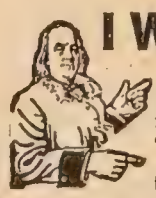

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STAY IN THE GAME: KEEP UP TO DATE!

Puzzle No. 7 this week brings the great $2,000 Cash Prize Crossword Game into the home stretch. When you have correctly solved the problem of this week's synonyms there will be but three more puzzles to master before the end of the contest! Don't drop out now when the goal is almost within sight! Keep your entry up to date each week. You have ample time to work out each solution and there is no limit to the reference works to which you may refer if you find a little research necessary.

Do not overlook the requirement in Rule 4. Be sure that in addition to solving each puzzle you keep informed on the contents of the various issues so that you can comply with this rule of the game intelligently and convincingly. The statement is a definite part of your entry and must be included with your puzzle solutions.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.

3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.

4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.

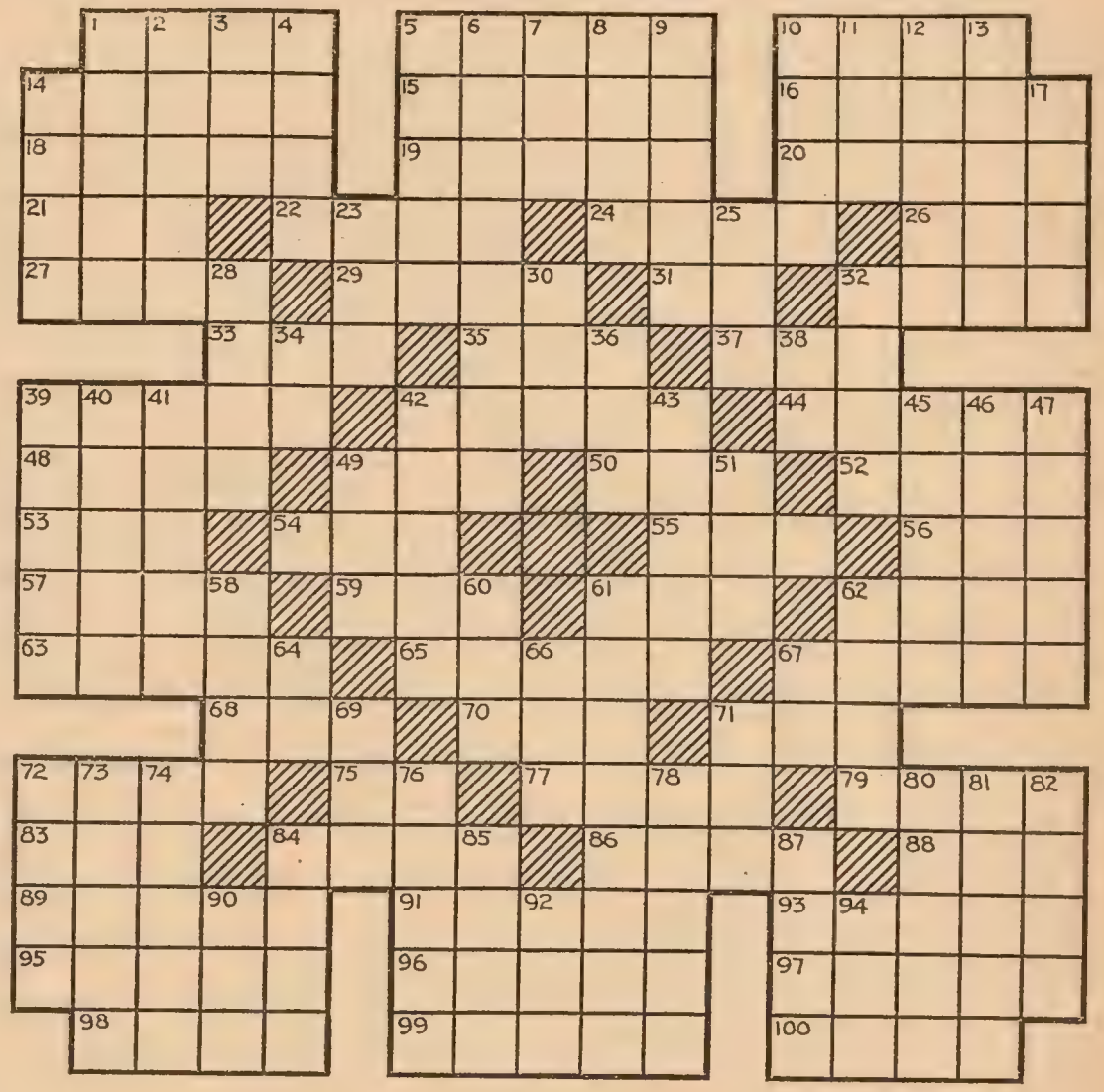
5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.

7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P O BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Friday June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 7

HORIZONTAL

1 Surfeit
5 Home
10 A former Czar
14 Indian of Brazil
15 A leader of the U. S. S. R.
16 Mad
18 Got up
19 Inactive
20 Characterless
21 A male sheep
22 Cardinal number
24 Certain fishes
26 Stitch
27 To make rough
29 Departed
31 Note of the scale
32 State of disorder
33 Be afflicted with pain
35 An atom bearing an electric charge
37 African antelope
39 A crimped fabric
42 An alloy
44 An aquatic mammal
48 A cavity
49 Form of to be
50 Small compact mass
52 A lake between Canada and the U. S.
53 Woman's name
54 Of great magnitude
55 A low resort
56 Feminine name
57 Prefix: partly
59 The beak of a bird
61 Hack
62 In bed
63 A body of cavalry
65 Man's name
67 Prophets
68 Fasten
70 A cap
71 A constellation
72 A city of Peru
75 Personal pronoun
77 Refined
79 Simpletons
83 Period of time
84 Grant the use of
86 Vulgar fellows
88 Recline
89 Fur-bearing animal
91 Charge
93 Nimble
95 Clay vessel
96 Avoid by artifice
97 A bar to apply power
98 Yale teams (colloq.)
99 Hinder
100 Small mounds

VERTICAL

1 Woman's name
2 Agreeable odor
3 It is (abbr.)
4 Man's name shortened
5 To place in a row
6 Profits
7 Cardinal number
8 Terrible
9 To penetrate
10 A flower
11 A conveyance
12 To humble
13 Baseball teams
14 Vehicles
17 Wets slightly
23 Sick
25 Part of a chair
28 Yawn
30 A digit
32 Silent
34 That is (Latin, abbr.)
36 Modern
38 A word of negation
39 Region of the body
40 Wanderer
41 The poplar
42 Men of wisdom
43 Loaded
45 Series of families, clans, or generations
46 A duck
47 Peruses
49 Succeed
51 Condensed moisture
58 A particle
60 Cutting tool
61 The killing of one human by another
62 Combining form: air
64 Jumbled type
66 Humanity in general
67 Prefix: apart
69 A sheep
71 Conducted
72 Minus
73 Ill-tempered
74 Woman's name
76 Finished
78 Provide food
80 Living
81 Smoothing tools
82 A prophet
84 Part of a camera
85 Mark for omission
87 Preserve in brine
90 Hawaiian garland
92 However
94 A horse (colloq.)

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

CORA SCOVIL makes dummies that look like famous screen stars and smart society girls. Her portrait dummies are used all over the world to display stylish clothes in fashion shops. I went through her studio the other day; heard one of her assistants ask what sounded like a *very* peculiar question. He said: "Is Mae West supposed to be flexible, or do they want her rigid?"

CORA SCOVIL

The explanation was that some dummies are jointed to bend in lifelike postures, while others are stiff, can't bend. Best ones cost about $250, have their wigs permanent-waved, would fool almost anybody. Practical jokers adore them. (Friends (?) of a certain prominent man put a beautiful undressed dummy in bed in his stateroom, so that his wife found it there when she came down to the boat to see him off on a business trip to Europe.) And customhouse boys get a big kick whenever Cora Scovil's dummies reach foreign ports, packed in wooden boxes like coffins, without a stitch on. The inspector lifts the lid, takes a peek, sees Myrna Loy or Marlene Dietrich completely unveiled. *Such* palpitations!

Newest dummies are of molded cellophane, and pretty Alice Hughes, clever newspaper girl, is the most popular model for them. Second favorite is Carole Lombard.

Widow of a steel-company executive, Cora Scovil started her business during the depression. The first portrait dummy she made was of Joan Crawford.

● The world's greatest collection of rare old Chinese silks was assembled here in America by an obscure insurance clerk who died, six years ago, too poor to pay for his own funeral.

He was not one of those art patrons who invest in beauty for the sake of personal fame. To the end he remained virtually unknown. For many years he had spent all his leisure and all his money acquiring antique Chinese fabrics, had devoted all his thought to the magic of their superb designs. Chinese merchants brought their rarest to him for judgment; sold them to him at modest prices out of sheer respect for his love and knowledge of their artistry. Such was the life attainment of William Christian Paul. And he was satisfied.

Dying, he left his priceless collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where it is celebrated now as one of the unique treasures of that institution. William Paul was buried at the museum's expense.

Yet some Europeans say there is no *culture* in America!

● Blondes look their best in the daytime, best of all before noon. Brunettes are more attractive, show more vitality, in the evening.

Investigators say that's because the energy of dark-complexioned girls is more enduring, their nerve cells richer with olein to fortify them against fatigue. As a rule blondes are livelier than brunettes in the morning, but they get tired quicker, are quicker to fret and worry.

There seems to be some good advice here for blondes. They ought to go to bed early nights.

● A home bulletin board has been put up in the front hall of a family I know. It is a large square of corkboard such as you see in offices and schools. On it, with thumbtacks, family members and friends pin reminders, interesting clippings, jokes, jingle rhymes, etc.

● How can any one deny the existence of luck when around us everywhere we see that some people are continually finding things, while other people never find anything at all? Among my relatives and friends I can count three steady finders. They find things all the time, and they find nice things—things I would love to find but *never* do.

If that isn't luck, will you please tell me what it is?

Not long ago one of my friends found a gold-and-platinum cigarette case with her own initials on it; and although she advertised, nobody has claimed it.

An uncle of mine is a wonderful finder; he finds watches, rings, five-dollar bills, and new pairs of gloves that fit him exactly.

Makes me mad! Because in my whole life the only things I have ever found were a broken pen-knife and a counterfeit quarter. Why can't I find things? Don't tell *me* there is no such thing as luck!

● Farmers' wives in the north of England still serve old-fashioned sausage pies, just as they served them to Oliver Cromwell's soldiers more than three hundred years ago. The pies are fried, not baked. And are they good!

Mix 1½ pounds sausage meat with 2 cups fresh bread crumbs, ½ cup grated onion, 4 tablespoons minced parsley, salt, freshly ground pepper, a dash of sage, and ½ cup *thick* brown gravy or cream sauce. For the piecrust use 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 tablespoons shortening, ½ cup water. Roll to ¼-inch thickness and stamp out 12 rounds with a 3-inch cooky cutter. Distribute the filling on six of the rounds. Cover them with the other six. Seal edges well, moistening with cold water. Let your pies stand for 15 minutes, then fry in deep fat like crullers. Drain well. Serve mustard pickles with the hot pies.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Ginger Falls for Terpsichore and the Words of a Handsome Hoofer, as Her Socko Sails for Slaughter

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

Socko O'Brien,
Brooklyn Sports and
Manslaughter Club,
Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Socko:

Oh, boy, did I laf when I read where you were going to shove off for Havana. You above all people who have never sailed on anything but a Coney Island chowder barge. Really, the thought tickles my humorous bone. You on a liner!

Listen, Socko, please put me hep as to *why* your manager chooses to drag you all the way to Cuba for a quarrel when he knows blamed well you can be knocked *cold* in the U. S. and A.? If you ask me, *he'll* grab the gravy and youll cop the shellacking!

Now that *youre* on your way to the slaughter, suppose I tell you how *I'm* clicking them off.

In my last letter I wrote you I had decided to team up with a snappy hoofer in hopes of becoming his permanent dancing partner, remember? Well, the other night when I ankled up to his room for my first lesson, I felt kind of jittery because I didnt know the guy, but as soon as I lamped him, I knew he meant business.

"Sit down!" he said, before I was able to catch my breath.

"Thanks," I replied. "Gosh, the stairs in this snapshot flophouse sure slay me."

Well, after kicking the gong around for a couple or ten minutes he said:

"How about going into a little action? Suppose you give me a load of your samples."

With that, he tossed the Grand Rapids against the wall, threw a stove lid labeled "I Won't Dance" on the phonograph and started the thing whirling.

"Now do your stuff!" he demanded, lighting a lung-duster and seating himself on the squark-box where he could lamp my technique.

Well, Socko, I was fit to be tied I was that panicky. I went into a tap dance, a bit of trucking, a flashy ballroom routine and finished the beat with an ultra-rapid nip-up that all but ruined me.

"Gee, thats terrible," I said, trying to catch my wind as I flopped into a chair. "I sure need practice."

"Youre better than I thought youd be," he said, trying to soft-peddle my embarrassment and hurling me a smile. "Spread yourself on the couch and get a load of rest while I browse over the horse teeth."

He went to a little green piano and began cutting up Gershwin in a Lenox Avenue tempo that was a yow. Boy, what he didnt do to those keys. No fooling, he cut up the

Mr. Twist fell down the front steps and busted the big mirror in the fancy umbrella stand.

Piccolino and the Peanut Vender in so many parts, an ork pilot couldnt figure them out. And to *think* such talented fingers had to dish-out banana splits behind a drug counter at fifteen slugs the week.

After a brief breather, Socko, he put me through the paces for three solid hours like I was glued to a light socket. He sure did test me out. He drilled me in pivots, whirls, tap-routines and the like until I almost folded from exhaustion. Finally, my good looking instructor threw a blanket around my wet shoulders and took me into his confidence.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Ginger," he teed off, a bit clubby. "If its okay by *you*, we'll *team up*. What say?"

"Do you really mean it?" I asked, putting the brakes on my enthusiasm.

"Sure. Why not? DAWSON & RYAN. Sounds swell, hey, what?"

"Like a million," I yelled.

"Okay," he said, leaning heavy on the thought. "You stick to your studio clowning during the day, and I'll build the tuna tit-bits at the medico center. At *night*, we'll give *all our time to dance routines* and before you know it, we'll be *out in front* and knock 'em coo-coo."

At that moment, our little talk was busted up by a loud banging on the hall door. A second later, in barged Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Mr. Twist, his lawyer. Mrs. Watson had a large plate of liver sandwitches in one duke and a cold kidney pie in the other. As for Mr. Watson, he sported a flock of assorted dishes, a loaf of French bread and a battered tea kettle. From his coat pocket prutruded six or seven dried fish—which I learned later, were bloaters.

"I hope you'll forgive us for over'earing your plans," cued off Mrs. Watson,—displaying her new mail-order tusks,—"we just couldnt 'elp it. We wish to congratulate you two upon the embarcation of such an alluring and noteworthy career. My dear 'usband and I are genuinely interested in your welfares. Therefore, be so considerate as to condone our preposterous behavior if we seemed to eavesdrop."

"Oh, forget it!" laughed Mr. Dawson, offering her a seat. "You flatter us."

"On the contrary," cut in Mr. Watson, as he layed the steaming hot kettle on Mr. Twist's new golf cap. "We are honored and privilidged to boast the cherished friendship of such a proficient and talented couple. Here's wishing them *health, wealth* and a *colossal career*."

With that, Mr. Watson hoisted three large shots from his cough syrup bottle and passed the thing around.

"An' thats what *I* was goin' to say," butted in Mr. Twist, raising his glass. "That goes for *me* too. I hope youse kids traipse out on the boards and knock 'em prarie yokels for a row of clams. Heres mud in your lamps!"

On the square, Socko, if Mr. Dawson and I were going to paddle our way around the world on an egg crate, we couldnt have been more entertained. They made a terrible fuss over us. Both Mr. Watson and Mr. Twist toasted us so many times that Mr. Twist fell down the front steps and busted the big mirror in the fancy umbrella stand.

Whata night!

Well, now that my futures all set, I'll keep you posted as to developments.

In the meantime, give the fountain pen a work-out when you get those Spanish splinters out of your shoulder blades.

Toodle-oo.

Your pal, GINGER.

On board S. S. Oriente.

Dear Ginger:

Well, here I am on the frantic Atlantic heading for Havana. Tough, what?

In case you aint hep to the dope, my manager—Jack Downey—matched me to step fifteen frames with a greaseball by the name of Suicide Salvidore who has the rep of being the Brown Bommer of the Spanish Polo Grounds.

Not knowing anything about this Mexican jumping bean I'm supposed to mingle with, I says to my natty manager—after we left the dock—

"Whos this mug I'm supposed to flatten in Havana?"

"Oh, he's duck soup," says Downey, with a chuckle. "He's old enough to be a sparring partner for Fitzimmons. No kidding, he aint had a fight in so long, he's *muscle bound!*"

"Muscle bound?" I squarks. "From *what?*"

"From *stevedoring*," he pegs back with a dead pan. "All he does is wheel freight car axels from one dock to another. Dont worry, *we'll* cop!"

Now aint that a nice load of smelts. *We'll* cop, says he, when *I'm* the baby what has to expose my youthful frame to ample bloodshed.

But dont you worry, Toots, I'll cross them bridges when the times come.

Listen, I aint got time to give you the low-down about how *these toorists* act on ship bored as I gotta put on my tux.

I'm saving the dope for my next letter because its such a yell!

Bun Voyage, kid, I'll write you from Havana.

Yours, SOCKO.

More letters describing the further adventures of Ginger and Socko will be published soon.

Old Age in the Hands of the Police

A Thought-Provoking Look at What Would Happen to the United States and You Under the Townsend Plan

by

JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ⊙ 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DR. TOWNSEND'S Old Age Revolving Pensions Plan is as promising a package of dynamite as any amateur economist ever put together.

If Congress should vote it in its present form, either we should be ruined or the world would have discovered at last a way to get something for nothing.

But if the miracle should happen and we found it possible to furnish twenty billions in pensions without embarrassment to anybody, we should be plunged not into the millennium but into a new kind of Fascism. I happen to be one of those who suspect that Fascism and the millennium are not identical.

The originality of Dr. Townsend's proposal doesn't lie in the pension itself nor in the size of the pension. It lies rather in the innocent-seeming by-products of his generosity. He will give you, at the age of sixty, $200 a month—*if* you spend your $200 before the first of the next month—and *if* you stop working.

And here's the final condition, which he doesn't stress: The government will supervise your life to see that these terms are carried out. That is where the policing begins. You will be on a sort of perpetual probation.

The supervision of your expenditures from the age of sixty on is essential to Dr. Townsend's plan. The size of the pension need not at this stage be taken too seriously. It has proved good bait for organization purposes, but the sum would be likely to shrink before any Congress voted it. The only thing the Townsend movement's supporters can be sure of is that they surrender the right to spend their money as and when they please.

Every one knows that the need of money is not distributed evenly over the twelve months of the year. Certain special requirements can always be foreseen, and at any moment an emergency may arise. How can you enjoy peace of mind, "a delightful golden autumn," unless you are prepared for these crises?

But the Townsend Plan forbids you to work or to save. Your delightful golden autumn would turn out to be shabby and humiliating. You would find yourself in a gigantic old folks' home, cared for but supervised.

Most of the criticism so far leveled against the Townsend Plan has been based on the terrific cost. In a modified form the same protest is made against more reasonable old-age pensions. Even if this were the humane approach to the problem, I doubt if we should worry much about it. The magnificent sum of $200 a month has dazzled the gullible, but as the movement has come to grips with reality the magnificence has been shrinking. Dr. Townsend at first proposed that everybody, millionaires and all, should retire from business at sixty and accept a pension. More recently he has been willing to leave the millionaires out. His present proposal is a pension for those who already have an income of less than $2,400 a year.

Even in this reduced form the prospect is alluring. So alluring, in fact, that further shrinkage may be expected. The original magnificence of the proposal will be dropped. The supervising conditions will not be dropped—not unless the country wakes up.

What will be the machinery of this policing or control? Dr. Townsend has not been very explicit. Some of his admirers have suggested that your pension should be conveyed to you in a check, which you would be required to deposit in specified banks. Unless you had drawn on the full amount by the end of the month, the bank would not accept your new check. But even if the banks could or should undertake this unprofitable labor for the government, the authorities still would have to find out what you had done with the cash drawn. Some one would be hired to visit you monthly and go through your pockets. Some method of enforcement must be installed.

The size of the inspecting force would be staggering, the cost of it would be enormous, and the opportunity for graft and blackmail would be fabulous.

So much for the compulsory supervised spending. But you must also give up your job, however secure it may be. Here is a threatened limitation and control of labor such as the workers have learned to dread in any form of Fascism.

It's no defense of the Townsend Plan to say that this condition also cannot be enforced. At least an attempt would be made to enforce it, and the purpose behind it all would be clear. The Townsendites claim that the purpose is to provide jobs for everybody, but a little straight thinking will make you skeptical. The purpose is to take away your job without making you angry. Industry as at present organized could get on with fewer workers. If the number were sufficiently reduced, industry could regiment them without the interference of the unions or the embarrassment of popular clamor.

In the Fascist states the labor surplus is usually marched off to drain swamps or dig ditches or mend roads. Men of high ability are compelled to waste themselves in unskilled toil. If there isn't enough of that kind of work, they are marched off to be drilled, to increase the reservoir of cannon fodder.

Dr. Townsend seems a gentle soul, with no military aspirations and no wish to make slaves of us. He would rather attain the Fascist purpose by buying us off.

Imagine the plight we should be in. There would be not only a host of spies to check up on our monthly expenditures but another army to keep us from bootlegging a little profitable employment!

Some of the Townsendites are a little nervous about resigning their jobs. Quite a number of men over sixty are still employed, and since sixty is not, after all, a tottering old age, most of them would like to keep on for a while. They would also be grateful for higher wages. If their wage were adequate, they wouldn't worry about the future. But more pay for the workers has never been part of any Fascist plan. Dr. Townsend, so far as I know, has no proposal to make in this direction.

We may consider it a hopeful revival of prudence that some Townsendites have already suggested that they'd rather take a smaller pension with no strings to it. But this modification would do away with

everything that makes the Townsend Plan Townsend.

What I've said makes it clear that I gravely suspect the Townsend Plan, its proposers, and its backers. I attempt no apology. Those who invite mankind to give up some of their liberty in exchange for the millennium, incur a heavy responsibility. The burden of proof is on them. It is not enough to say they mean well.

Dr. Townsend, being a physician, would suspect me sorely if without training, experience, or credentials I invited my neighbors to let me perform a major operation on them. The proper training and experience in this field of old-age pensions would be an acquaintance with what has been suggested or tried before. The proper credentials would include familiarity with those elements in the problem which economics of all schools usually mention. Dr. Townsend's silence as to these elements is, to say the least, not reassuring.

An old-age pension is or should be a remedy for poverty, and before you can deal with poverty you must have some ideas about the source and the nature of wealth. Your definitions will class you nowadays as a Communist or a Fascist or a capitalist, or as a bewildered human being who doesn't entirely trust any of these systems.

But in any case you will probably agree that wealth has a tendency to melt from your hand. It doesn't stay earned. It must be gathered afresh each morning, like the manna from heaven. We all should like to save for a rainy day, or for a day of leisure, but it's hard to do so, and even if we think we have managed it, the fact is that we must depend upon continued work, to be done either by ourselves or by others.

That is, if we merely hide our money away in an old stocking, we still expect our neighbors to keep on making things, and raising food, and maintaining shops, so that when we are ready to spend, we can go out and get what we want. Or if we invest in stocks and bonds, we expect that steady employment will continue in the factories or railroads or mines in which we have a share.

Before you adopt any philosophy of wealth you must have some ideas about savings. Is security to be found in savings or in work? Is there any real wealth in savings? Or is true wealth found only in productive labor?

ANSWER these questions as you like. I ask them only to remind you that Dr. Townsend's plan forbids your being wealthy either way. It forbids you to save, and you will get your pension only on condition that you don't work.

Yet I am not at all sure that Dr. Townsend disapproves of savings—that is for rich people. I suspect that he would consider those men and women entirely correct—and blessed with unusual luck—who have saved so much that they can now live idly on their investment.

But what would happen if we all were as lucky as that? We'd be ruined! We'd have to start working again.

The odd thing is that if true wealth consists only of savings or investment, and if we all had a million dollars in this kind of wealth, we'd be just as badly off as if we had divided the national wealth in some Communistic fashion. With the factories and the mines silent, the paper shares would be trash. A capitalistic society which tried to live exclusively on invested wealth would be in the same plight as a Communistic society which divided the wealth at present available. In either case we should reach for a shovel or a hoe and try to raise food.

With these thoughts in mind I am troubled by Dr. Townsend's wish to stop some of us from saving. It looks as though he wanted to keep the workers in their place. And I'm troubled still more by his wish to keep some of us from working. Whatever other conclusions we care to draw from these economic ideas, we probably agree that the more productive the world is, the better off it will be. Incidentally, I should have expected a physician like Dr. Townsend to be sorry for the man who at sixty cannot do any more work. I should have expected the doctor to say that we should continue to produce, to make each his contribution, as long as our faculties remain keen. I should have expected him to say, further, that it's good for old age to cherish activity and a youthful spirit, rather than to be put on the shelf, be occupied with nothing but the end.

THAT we need to produce more rather than less seems to me beyond dispute. President Roosevelt has reminded us that the United States is living on what is called a third-class diet. If all of our people had the food they need, our farmers would have to plant more than we have yet raised in our most prosperous years. In January Mr. Henry Ford was asked whether he thought prosperity was returning. He replied, "This country has never known prosperity. All that is still ahead of us. We say we are rich, but we have never yet produced enough of anything to properly supply any need, except possibly food. The real period of sufficient production and adequate distribution is ahead."

Mr. Ford is a little more optimistic about food than President Roosevelt is, but his assurance that we have never yet had what deserves to be called prosperity appeals to me as strict truth.

The people who dispute this believe that prosperity can be encouraged by limiting production. I am afraid Dr. Townsend belongs in their number. This philosophy has a partial and a temporary success, but it seems to provide prosperity only for a few, and the prosperity doesn't last. Both President Roosevelt and President Hoover thought some benefit would come from the curtailment of crops. So long as some people have less than enough food, I don't see the point of limiting the supply.

There are many critics of crop limitation, yet oddly enough some of them do not grieve over our high tariff—still another method of curtailing our supplies.

There are many critics of the high tariff, especially among the workers, yet the worker wants to limit the number of applicants for a job so that wages will remain high. He is usually pleased when we prevent more workers from coming into the country.

I have mentioned these illustrations of the nonproductive philosophy because Dr. Townsend, if he is logical, must belong in this camp. I don't. Whatever other theory is essential in sound economics, I shall continue to believe that men and women have the right to work, with profit to themselves as well as to others, as long as they have their health. I feel surer about the working than about the saving, because savings seem to depend upon the work of other people.

When men and women, through loss of health or through age, can no longer work, I think we should care for them, but decently, without police supervision.

THE END

Rich Man's SON

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

by CORNELIUS

JEFF LORIMER, a banker's son, has been acquitted of manslaughter after a trial that dragged the prominent New York name through a pitiful scandal, and the shock of which proved fatal to Mrs. Lorimer, Jeff's mother.

It was Jeff's love for petite Doris Fenton and his hate for the man he found forcing his attentions on her—the same man who had wronged his younger sister Natalie—that caused him to strike the blow that sent Howard Locke reeling against a cement pillar and his death. And it was Natalie's unexpected voluntary testimony, the same confession that Jeff had tried vainly to prevent in order to protect her name, that resulted in his freedom.

But even with acquittal Jeff found new complications from an old source to hinder him in his freedom for an independent future and the realization of some of his noble ambitions. His proud father, always against Jeff's seemingly radical ideas and definitely set against his affair with Doris, orders Jeff to put the girl out of his life forever. To promote this end, he asks Jeff to take an indefinite cruise on the family yacht Moira. Jeff agrees to the cruise, but insists on seeing Doris before his departure, and makes arrangements to have her come to the house. Secretly Geoffrey Lorimer plots with Margot Rogers, the girl the family has chosen for Jeff, to come to the house on the same afternoon.

Then Jeff's father orders the family physician to give Jeff a sedative that will keep him asleep for a long time. When Doris arrives she is confronted by Jeff's father. He offers her a check for a thousand dollars—for " your valuable testimony at the trial," he adds—telling her meanwhile that his son is not sincere in his affections toward her. When Doris refuses to believe him, he calls for Margot Rogers. When she enters the room Geoffrey Lorimer introduces her as Jeff's fiancée.

PART EIGHT—SHANGHAIED

DORIS felt her strength ebbing away. It was as if her heart were dissolving. Margot herself was ill at ease, but managed a smile. Geoffrey Lorimer spoke hurriedly: " I want you to hear from Miss Rogers's own lips what I have just told you." He smiled at Margot. " I will be in my study for the rest of the afternoon." To Doris he said: " Don't be a foolish girl about that check. You earned it."

Alone, the two girls faced each other uncomfortably.

" Really, you know," Margot smiled, " this isn't very pleasant for either of us, is it? But I assure you I have no wish to embarrass you." There was such a ring of sincerity in her voice that Doris brightened.

" I am sure you don't, Miss Rogers," she agreed. " So why don't we stop now? " She started to walk away.

The other girl's eyes were fastened curiously on her. As she put one foot across the threshold, Margot called out: " Don't go yet—please! " Reluctantly Doris retraced her steps, and Margot closed the door. " Sit down here with me," she said, motioning toward a small settee, then added in a low voice:

VANDERBILT, Jr.

Storm, Shipwreck, an Interrupted Wedding Bring New Heights of Emotional Suspense in a Swift and Colorful Love Story of Today

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

Nurses from other floors slipped away from their patients and came in smiling.

"Tell me—honestly—are you really in love with Jeff?"

Doris hesitated. "I am—in love with him," she answered. Her very heart and soul were in the words.

"And I believe you!" Margot declared. "That is why I can't let you leave here believing what Mr. Lorimer just told you. I am not Jeff's fiancée! I am just a good friend."

Something clicked in Doris's mind. *This* was the girl Jeff had told her about that night at the Palais Rouge. He had said—what was it? "She has everything—brains, personality, looks." Jeff was right. Doris could see so clearly that it was such a girl as Margot Rogers Jeff ought to marry. Strange, she thought, that I don't hate her.

"You love Jeff too, don't you?" she asked.

The question took Margot by surprise, but she did not deny it.

"That is why I am talking to you like this. I know Jeff loves you—oh, he has never told me so," she said quickly as Doris looked up. "Not so long ago Jeff and I were on the verge of announcing our engagement, and then very suddenly—overnight—he changed. A girl senses such things. We decided to postpone our plans. I went to Europe to give him a chance to find out what he wanted. It is you. Now his father is trying to discourage you—and buy you off, too, I see!" She was looking at the check that still lay on the table. "But don't let him do it."

There were tears in the eyes of both girls. They rose.

"Why have you told me this?" Doris asked.

"If you love Jeff as you say you do, wouldn't you do the same thing for him?" Then Margot whispered: "You won't give me away, will you?"

"Not ever!" In parting, a lovely smile flashed between them.

IT took Jeff some time to open his eyes halfway, and what he saw didn't make sense. A tiny blob of light in the distance—queer-looking walls—a room with a low ceiling. Where in hell was he, anyway?

"Drink this, Mr. Lorimer," a voice said. Some one was sitting by his bed. The fragrance of coffee filled Jeff's nostrils. He lifted his head off the pillow, squinting.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Your nurse, I suppose," came the cryptic answer. "You are on your father's yacht—at sea."

Jeff Lorimer raised himself on one elbow and stared in bewilderment at the other man. It was Gavigan, the second mate.

"How did I get here?" Jeff asked.

"Your father brought you on board, sir."

"Is he here too?"

"No, sir. Only the crew."

His father had had him shanghaied like a derelict seaman! Even worse—he had done it to keep him from seeing Doris. He shivered at the thought of what they had probably told Doris.

"Where in hell are we heading for, Gavigan?" Jeff asked as he got to his feet.

"Your father's orders are to cruise around Southern waters until we get a radio message to come back."

"Ask Captain Palmer to come here," Jeff ordered sullenly. "I'll find out what this is all about."

"Captain Palmer was away on leave when your father decided on this cruise. First Mate Davey is in charge."

"That useless boozer? He can't handle the Moira!"

"Shall I get Davey, sir?"

"Never mind," Jeff growled. "I'll find him myself."

When he was dressed, he left the stateroom and went up to the bridge. The quartermaster and the first mate were in the wheelhouse. Davey nodded a casual recognition and bent over a chart he was studying. Catching hold of the doorjamb as the Moira rolled in the swell, Jeff said shortly: "Turn back to port, Davey."

"Can't do it," Davey replied without looking up.

"What do you mean—you can't? Do it!"

Davey stood up now, his face livid. He was a little man with a little man's psychology when authority is unexpectedly thrust on him. "I'm taking orders from your father," he snapped. "Not you! I'm in command and every one on this boat takes orders from me. You have no business on this bridge. Get below!"

Davey was speaking the truth. His word was law. As skipper, he could put Jeff in irons for mutiny. Jeff went below.

He found Gavigan on the afterdeck.

"How did you make out?" Gavigan asked quietly.

"You can guess." Jeff shrugged. "Funny how cocky a little runt gets when somebody slips him the reins. What's the low-down anyway, Gavigan? What am I—a passenger or a prisoner? Can I send a radio message?"

"Afraid not, sir. Your father's orders, you know."

The second mate leaned close to Jeff and lowered his voice. "We all know the story about your trouble, Mr. Lorimer, and—well, maybe I shouldn't be saying this to you, sir—but you've acted like a white man! It's all been a tough break, and then on top of it separating you and your girl."

It was almost Jeff's first taste of man-to-man esteem, and he was grateful. "A tough break is right, Gavigan," he agreed, "but it will work out eventually."

Two days passed, or rather dragged by, while the Moira steamed steadily ahead.

Davey was surly with the crew. He was devoting his off-duty hours to drinking alone in his cabin. Twice Jeff saw him stagger as he walked up the deck to take his watch on the bridge. But both the quartermasters were reliable men.

On the tenth day the big yacht was cruising leisurely along the inner rim of the semicircle of the Lesser Antilles, within sight of the islands. At five in the afternoon they passed the northwest tip of Martinique. Thirty miles of open water stretched from there to Dominica. Over on the western horizon a thunderstorm had been brewing all afternoon. It was too hot even for talk. The sailors off duty sprawled on the port deck.

As the quick tropic darkness fell, Jeff, in cool slacks and polo shirt, leaned over the starboard railing. The water was like shiny black glass, cut by weird ribbons of phosphorus that trailed after the darting fish. Overhead all the stars in the universe seemed clustered together.

For nearly two hours he stood fascinated, watching the pageant of the sea. Then a broad flash of lightning outlined the island of Dominica ahead, guarded by a bristling barrier of reefs. Jeff could even hear the muffled roar of the waves breaking over them. The air was full of gnats and other insects.

A WIND had sprung up and whitecaps were breaking the smooth surface of the sea. A brilliant streak of lightning ripped across the sky, followed by thunder. Gavigan came out of the deckhouse.

"Looks like we're in for a blow."

"Why doesn't Davey run ahead of the storm?" Jeff asked. "He could turn about and put on full speed—and we'd be safely out in the Atlantic. Or he could run into the storm. We're too damn close to the reefs to suit me. I know something about navigation."

The second mate nodded: "You should, sir. You've been around this boat ever since you were a kid. But it's not up to me to tell Davey what I think. You'd better get below, sir."

Jeff stared up at the wheelhouse. "Not me," he declared. "I'm going to stay right here and see how that nitwit up there rides out the storm."

Drops of rain fell on his face and the light breeze became a steady strong blow. Two sailors hurriedly stowed away deck chairs and other loose objects. Jeff gave them a hand, glad for something to do. By the time they had finished, the rain was coming down in a torrent.

Now the lightning became terrific. The big yacht was lurching in a high sea. Jeff winced under a crack of thunder that sounded like a close-by cannon. With the next vivid flash he grew rigid. Only a couple of hundred yards off the starboard the angry waves were chopping over a reef! Disaster loomed inevitable.

Rushing out from his shelter, Jeff raced up the steps to the bridge, past Davey, and flung open the door of the wheelhouse.

"You're running on to the reefs!" he panted to the startled quartermaster.

Davey had followed him in. Grabbing Jeff's arm, he yelled thickly, "Get the hell out of here!"

Jeff could smell the liquor on his breath as the man tried to push him out the open door. Wrenching himself clear from Davey, he cried:

"THIS is my father's boat! I'm not going to see it wrecked by your drunken stupidity." It was a simple matter for him to pick up the groggy little first mate and toss him out the door and down the stairway. Now he turned to the quartermaster.

"Swing her hard to port," he commanded. But the quartermaster doggedly kept the Moira on her course.

"All right!" Jeff cried, pulling him away from the wheel. But he wasn't as easy to handle as Davey. Only Jeff's fine build made it possible. Then he grabbed hold of the big wheel himself. In one terrifying flash of lightning he again saw the reefs perilously close. There was only one thing to do. Spinning the wheel with all his might, he put it hard over to port. The yacht shuddered but found her keel—and just then Gavigan stuck his head in the door.

"Davey's getting the crew together. They're coming up after you. This is mutiny, Mr. Lorimer!"

"This is wonderful, you mean!" Jeff laughed. "Let them come."

Another blinding flash, and a crack. The aftermast shrieked and groaned like some gigantic monster as it fell, the lightning zigzagging down it. A second later there was a deafening roar as the bolt struck and ignited the oil tanks that supplied the Diesel motors.

The Moira was shuddering from stem to stern. Gongs were sounding. The crew were running frantically about on the deck, endeavoring to obey Davey's drunken orders. But the yacht was doomed. The bright glare and heat from the flames was intense.

"Beach her!" Gavigan shouted.

Now Jeff spun the wheel in the opposite direction. Again it seemed as if the yacht would keel over. "We're heading for the reefs again," he called back over his shoulder.

Gavigan leaped to the signal board and gave the order to stop the engines. The frightened quartermaster stuck his white face in the door and yelled: "First mate says everybody to the lifeboats!"

Jeff hesitated a moment, then let go the wheel and followed the other two out on to the bridge. The Moira lurched violently and they grabbed at the rail. She stopped. The stern sank into the water. It looked as if they were all going down with her. Then above the roar of the flames and the slashing of the storm came a grinding, splintering sound which grew louder as seconds passed. It was like tearing linen, many times magnified.

"The reefs!" they cried in unison.

Running up the sloping deck, they encountered the engineer and firemen rushing out of the hold. Sailors were swarming into the lifeboats, and Davey, sobered with fright, was shouting orders that went unheard. Jeff helped swing the first lifeboat out on the davits. In a moment the other was ready to go and he scrambled aboard. Davey gave the order to lower away, and as the boat touched the churning water he and two sailors at the davits leaped down on the others. Frantic hands began pulling at the oars.

Another bolt of lightning struck the proud figurehead under the bowsprit and traveled down the anchor chain

to the forward oil tanks. Mountains of flame rose. The men at the oars pulled for their lives. The others shielded their faces from the intense heat. One more explosion would spray the burning oil far in every direction.

When they were about a hundred yards away, the Moira rolled over on her side. As her funnel sank into the water, white steam hissed forth, obscuring the wreck. When this cleared, there was only a gentle blaze that sputtered feebly as the yacht slid noiselessly off the reef and disappeared into her black grave.

Quickly as it had come, the storm went. The rain stopped. But the water was still rough and nothing could be seen in any direction. They could not even be sure they were rowing toward the island. They helped each other fasten on life preservers.

A big wave caught up Jeff's lifeboat and twisted it sideways. The crew struggled to work it out of the swirling trough, but another wave lifted the boat high in the air, tossed it forward on to a submerged reef. All were thrown into the sea.

As the chill of the water struck Jeff he thought, This is the end. He was carried forward and rolled over. When he came to the surface again, gasping for breath, he trod water, but the undercurrent dragged his feet down. He knew he must keep his head, and so started swimming in long slow strokes. Some one bumped into him and shouted, but the next instant the waves separated them. He could hear other voices in the distance.

Suddenly he felt himself being whirled around again. This time he was thrown against something that knocked the breath out of him and scraped his skin. It was sand. He had been tossed on to a beach!

It was some moments before Jeff even tried to pull himself up to a sitting position—and then he heard shouting all around him. Water was breaking over him. He was grabbed under the armpits and dragged backward. Then a flare illumined the sandy beach and he saw the first lifeboat a short distance away. Out in the water a few sailors were struggling shoreward, a human chain of others bringing them in.

GETTING stiffly to his feet, shivering, Jeff made his way to a group around the lifeboat. Two sailors, under Davey's direction, were giving first aid. On seeing Jeff, the mate's face broke into a grin. His demeanor had undergone a startling change. "Thank God you're safe, Mr. Lorimer!" he said, touching an imaginary cap. Then added grimly: "Our only passenger."

Now was no time to berate the man. "Did we lose many men?"

Davey squinted toward the water. "They'll get the other boys in all right—and then we'll all be accounted for."

Gavigan, nursing an ugly gash on his forehead, took Jeff aside. "It wasn't your fault, you know," he whispered. "You were getting us out of a jam when the lightning struck. I'll back you up to your father. So will the others. Davey was drunk, all right!"

"Thanks, Gavigan," Jeff said warmly. He felt a new confidence in himself.

Soon the last man had been brought ashore and revived. Every one was in bad shape, but several volunteered to scout for shelter and food. Jeff vetoed the idea. "No sense in losing any one in the jungle. In the morning we can look for Roseau." Roseau, at one time the island's capital, was somewhere north of them.

IT did not seem odd to any one that he had suddenly assumed command. His daring to throw the drunken Davey off the bridge had turned the men's silent contempt into frank admiration. A little beyond the circle of light thrown by the flare began the impenetrable tropical forests of Dominica.

A flare was kept burning. The night grew clear and warm. Jeff was sleepy, but a strange new exhilaration kept him awake. Leaning against the overturned boat, he thought of Doris. For a moment, so great was his longing for her, she seemed very close. At Roseau he would send her a cable. But that would take money!

His hand slid into his wet trousers pocket. He drew out a roll of soggy bills and counted them eagerly. Twenty-six dollars! A fortune.

At that moment, for no reason at all, he glanced past the circle of light to the edge of the jungle. Then he rubbed his eyes. Was that a man's face he had seen? It was a strange reddish color and the eyes slanted like an Asiatic's. The island, he knew, was inhabited by Negroes. He nudged Gavigan, who was just dropping off to sleep.

"Probably a Carib," the second mate yawned. "They smuggle bay rum to Florida. They'll be swarming all over the place by morning, trying to find out what we're doing here."

Sure enough, as dawn broke over the sea, half a dozen squat, slant-eyed men with dark-red skins were staring at them from a distance. A little way off, in a natural cove, a small sailing vessel with two swayback masts was bobbing up and down. The Moira's crew was awake and curious.

Jeff walked toward the Caribs. One of them stepped forward; the others looked on suspiciously.

"How far to Roseau?" Jeff began hopefully.

"Roseau so far." The man flung one arm vaguely up the beach.

"Our boat was wrecked out there last night," Jeff tried again. He pointed toward the reefs. "How many miles to Roseau?"

"Me Pago. English no spik."

On the way back to his crew, Jeff looked again at the little boat offshore. It must be loaded, because there was no water line showing.

"How'd you make out?" Davey asked. The crew gathered around.

"Pago—no spik English. Roseau so far," Jeff mimicked. "We had

"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."

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SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

better start hoofing. It can't be more than fifteen miles."

The lifeboat was suggested as a possible vehicle, but was discarded when the crew were reluctant to attempt navigating through the reefs. They straggled away in twos and threes, Jeff and Gavigan bringing up the rear. The Caribs stared at them as they passed, but Jeff's eyes were fastened curiously on their little boat.

"I have an idea those smugglers will be shoving off in that leaky crate as soon as we're out of sight," he told Gavigan. "You said yourself they smuggle bay rum to Florida, didn't you? Well, once I'm in Florida, I'm practically home. I'll bribe them to take me along."

"That bunch of cutthroats!" Gavigan exclaimed. "Why, sir, they'd split your throat and toss you overboard for a dime. Don't do it, sir!" he begged. "We can get back easy enough from here. The cruise ships and freighters make this port."

Jeff laughed. "But think of the kick I'll get out of burning up the old man—after the stunt he pulled on me! It's not often I can put over a fast one on him. Besides, it might be more than a week before a ship puts in here. I'm going to proposition them."

After some gesticulating and a display of his money, Jeff came back. "It's all set. American dollars talk in any language."

Reluctantly Gavigan let him go and loped away to join the others.

THE smugglers were wading out to their dirty little boat. They beckoned to Jeff.

From water up to his armpits, Jeff pulled himself over the side of the boat. Two ragged sails had been hoisted on creaking masts. A friendly breeze was stirring—plenty to take them out to sea. Soon the deft natives were skirting the craft around the dangerous reefs. Dominica faded from sight.

On the sixth morning the southwestern point of Haiti was sighted and they pointed north.

The next day they skimmed through Windward Passage and into the Atlantic Ocean. Rounding Key West, Jeff was elated at the sight of his own land. For three days they sailed up the west coast of Florida, and then, under cover of night, the smugglers guided their little boat into Tampa Bay with the cunning of men used to finding their way about in the dark. Later, with only one sail furled, they slithered into the Hillsborough Inlet and landed quietly on some mud flats. Three rough-looking men carrying oil lanterns came to meet them. Pago pointed to Jeff.

"Git goin', buddy," he was warned. "There's a dirt road on the other side of the woods. Tampa's up north."

In shoes stiff and tight from many wettings, Jeff hobbled quickly away. An hour later he found the road and sat down to wait for daybreak and passing cars.

Mosquitoes and gnats made sleep impossible. A strange odor annoyed him. He lay on the soggy ground, swatting at insects and wondering about Doris. Little tremors of excitement ran through Jeff as he pictured himself telling her that now he was forever free from the dominion of his father. Nothing could stop their marriage now. Soon her lovely self—her slim body, the intoxicating blue eyes, her red-gold curls—all would belong to him to caress, love, protect.

At dawn Jeff woke and stretched. He found himself in the center of a spindly turpentine forest. Presently a rattling wagon loaded with Negroes came down the road. They took him only a short distance and then had to turn off to their work in the swamps. Tampa was twelve miles north.

He got another lift in a farm wagon, but after that had to walk.

It was not until the next day that he stumbled into the outskirts of the city. He located the telegraph office, tendered a soggy bill in payment for the wire to Berwyn, and said he would wait there for the answer.

He was dozing when his name was called.

"Mr. Berwyn has left Miami Beach and is in New York," the wire clerk said. "A telegram there will cost you seventy-two cents plus four cents tax."

Jeff groaned—then said, "Send it!" He slapped down his remaining dollar. He waited another three hours before the answer came. "For God's sake, Jeff, what are you doing?" Berwyn wired. Jeff smiled wearily.

"If you can identify yourself," the clerk said, "we will pay you the money. The order is for two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Identify myself?" Jeff cried miserably. "I've been shipwrecked! I lost everything. No—wait!" He held out the heavy gold ring that he had once tried to give Doris. That's my family crest. My name is engraved inside."

The clerk studied the ring and handed it back. "Not enough identification. Then, seeing Jeff's dejection, he added: "But I'll take a chance. I remember reading about that wreck."

Jeff called the airport for a plane reservation to New York. After a shave and haircut and a complete outfit of clothes he was a new man. Once in the big transport plane, he relaxed. He was grateful for the tea and sandwiches the hostess served, but he couldn't sleep. All through the night he sat looking out into the blackness, thinking of Doris.

At two o'clock the next afternoon they landed at Newark.

In New York, Jeff hailed a taxi and gave the driver the address of Doris's roominghouse. He had memorized it weeks ago.

A stout smiling woman in a soiled house dress answered his ring.

"Is Miss Fenton in?" he asked.

Her face clouded. "Indeed she isn't, poor dear. She's in the hospital."

"*Hospital!*" Jeff cried.

"They took her away two weeks ago—with pneumonia. She's in Polyclinic. Saints be!" the woman cried, peering at him. "You're that Lorimer boy they acquitted—and I'm glad they did it, sir! I hope you'll be doin' something for the poor girl. She didn't get enough to eat. I used to coax her down into the kitchen sometimes and give her a meal—"

"Thanks!" Jeff interrupted. Halfway down the steps he stopped and ran back. "Here," he said, pressing a ten-dollar bill into her hand. "This is for your kindness."

At the hospital he sought the information clerk. "Doris Fenton—" he said. "What room is she in?"

After looking at the index the nurse said: "Ward C. But this isn't visiting hour. Come back tonight at seven."

Jeff asked for the head physician and identified himself. "I want Miss Fenton put in a private room, with her own nurses. Do everything for her. How is she, doctor?"

"Doing very well," the doctor said. "If she had some one to take care of her, and nourishing food, she could leave tomorrow. You can see her for a few minutes if you like."

At last he stood before her bed, trembling at the sight of her. He slipped quietly inside the screen that separated her from the next patient. Her eyes were closed; but at the movement beside her they flew open—then widened.

"Darling!" Jeff cried softly. Then again, "Oh, my darling!"

DORIS stared. Then her wan face broke into a smile. Jeff wanted to crush her to him, but managed gently to gather her in his arms. The girl clung to him as if to let him go would mean to lose him again, sobbing, as a woman does, from happiness. Jeff tried to soothe her. The woman in the bed across the room lifted her head and stared at them.

"But I—can't—stop crying," Doris was stammering. "I can't!"

Presently, however, she did, and then Jeff held her off and looked at her. He was shocked to see how thin she was. Her cheekbones stood out and her nose had that thin pinched look that reminded him of his mother in death. He drew up a chair and sat down.

"I knew you would come back," she smiled. He must never know the tortures she had suffered. The misery, the doubts, the cheap notoriety—and the hunger.

"Do you know where I have been, dear?" Jeff asked.

Doris shook her head. He told her, making the story of the shipwreck into merely an exciting experience, so as not to frighten her.

"Your father—is he glad to have you back safe and sound?" She asked this timidly. So much depended on the answer!

"Father doesn't know I am here. I flew up from the South and came straight to you. How strong do you feel, dear?"

"Well, I couldn't turn cart wheels," she laughed.

"Yes, I know. But you could sit up long enough to attend your own wedding, couldn't you?"

"Here? Now?" Doris's blue eyes widened with astonishment.

"Just give me time enough to get down to City Hall for a license!"

He went out and found the doctor. "Is there a clergyman near by?" he asked. "Miss Fenton and I are to be married this afternoon."

"There is," the doctor nodded. Then smiled. "Pretty impetuous, young man, aren't you?"

"Boy, I've got to be! Can't let her get away this time. You said she could leave here tomorrow, didn't you?"

"I said if she had care."

"That's all I've got to do for the rest of my life. Get that minister up here, will you, doc? I'll be back soon."

THE ward was aflutter as word of the surprise wedding spread. One nurse provided a dainty nightgown for Doris, another a negligee, and one of them worked patiently at the tangled curls that soon lay in soft clusters about her neck and face. Other patients on the floor contributed their flowers until Doris's corner was a bower of roses and potted plants. The head nurse came in smiling.

"A reporter is outside. He wants to interview you."

"Oh, don't let him in!" Doris cried. But the reporter had followed the nurse in.

"Snap her just as she is, Jake," he instructed the photographer with him. And, before Doris or the nurse could protest, a flashlight bulb had flared in her face. "Thanks, Miss Fenton," he smiled. "We'll catch the bridegroom when he gets back."

In the hall he collided with Jeff. "What about a shot of the bride and groom together, Mr. Lorimer?"

Jeff frowned. Then he recalled the time of the Locke trial. Hadn't he vowed that the next time her picture appeared in the papers it would be with him as her husband?

"Sure!" he agreed. "Take all the pictures you want, my lads. I want the world to know!"

More flashlight bulbs popped, and the reporter grinned in delight as Jeff obligingly kissed Doris for the camera. Then the doctor and clergyman arrived.

"You have a wedding ring, Mr. Lorimer?"

"Sure I have a ring!" He drew off his own, for the second time a lifesaver.

The patients in wheel chairs choked the passageway between the beds. Jeff stood on one side of the bed, holding Doris's hand. The clergyman stood on the other side. Nurses from other floors had slipped away from their patients. It was indeed a wedding more imposing and unique than Doris and Jeff would have had by slipping down to City Hall; but it was the first time in generations that a Lorimer was getting married anywhere but in St. Thomas's Church on Fifth Avenue. The clergyman opened his prayer book.

"Dearly beloved," he began, "we are gathered together—"

Suddenly there was a commotion in the wide doorway.

"Stop this ceremony!" a voice rang out.

Doris let out a frightened cry. Jeff's arms went about her as he grew pale under his tan. A gasp swept through the big room.

Another stumbling block barring the way to happiness for Jeff and Doris? Does it concern her alone, or has Jeff's father, behind the wealth and power of the Lorimer name, conceived another means of thwarting his son? Don't miss next week's installment in which Jeff's love is put to a true test.

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LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family!

Week by week we are becoming a larger family. As I read your contributions I get a glimpse of your own lives. I see your homes —whether in the city or on the prairie — and I sense your love of home in all its phases.

Sometimes these things are expressed only vaguely in your writing, by a word or a phrase, but whenever there is a real use of your own background, of your sincere thoughts or feelings, this stands out above the mass of conventional, oft-repeated phrases and situations. Of course, to escape the gong, the writing itself must be good, must be clear and concise, brief and sparkling.

A large order? Perhaps. But it is only through a happy combination of material and craftsmanship that you amateurs can climb into professional ranks. And when you do make the grade, no one is happier about it than I am; no one more delighted to let the gong remain very, very silent.

Major Edward Bowes.

With a swift pace we start off today's Amateur Page. Here is a smart atticism submitted by Ursula Hartman of Cumberland, Maryland.

Several of my friends who are employed by a local newspaper were entering a prize fight on complimentary tickets. The last in line, noting the dejected look on the face of the ticket collector, whispered to him as he went by, " Forgive us our press passes."

Here is a short story with a subtle message concealed in its contents. It illustrates the understanding of a mother. It is entitled Just Like Mother Makes and is written by H. I. Piehl of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

JUST LIKE MOTHER MAKES

Mother Minter, in the bouncing taxicab en route to visit her son, made up her mind to stay out of the kitchen.

It wasn't fair to Ann, she decided. Bill was unkind to keep praising his mother's cooking when his little bride tried so hard to please him.

Pretty and lovable Ann was, but in the kitchen, well—

" It's not in Ann to cook," she sighed. " I would just make her feel bad."

Ann would feel she was a failure. And Mother Minter would rather die than hurt her lovely daughter-in-law.

After her coat had been removed jointly by Ann and Bill, her son exclaimed, as she supposed he would, " Now for some *real* biscuits, huh, ma? "

" No, I came down for a rest."

" Aw, ma! "

She could have slapped his face. Had he no feelings for his pretty wife?

" Yes, please do," Ann insisted. " Bill loves them so. And maybe I could learn how — I mean " — she flushed—" how to bake them."

The dear child! Mother Minter's " No " became more decisive. If she did prepare the biscuits Bill would hurt Ann with his " Why can't *you* bake like this? " Little stabs at vanity and pride were more dangerous than soggy biscuits to young marriage.

Overriding her protests, Bill and Ann pushed her into the kitchen and Ann shoved utensils and ingredients into her hands. The dough formed familiarly. Soon the biscuits were done. Bill grabbed one. Mother Minter beamed.

" Good, ain't they? I'd say I outdid myself in my old age."

Bill nodded weakly.

" Guess I'll see what's new in the paper. Excuse me."

From the corner of her eye Mother Minter saw the partly eaten biscuit drop into the wastebasket.

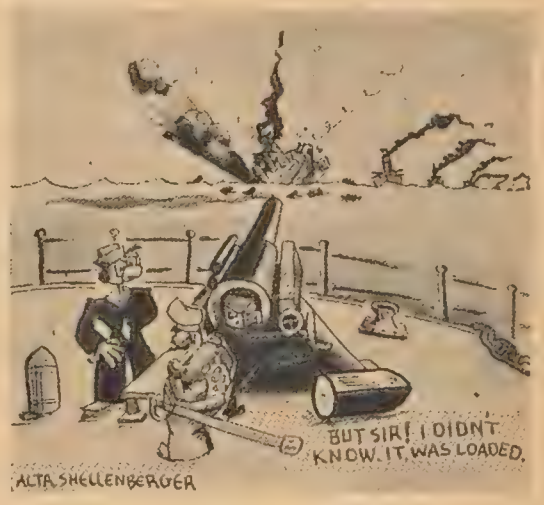
It was like a knife being driven through her heart.

Ann was umm-ing deliciously over her biscuits.

But Mother Minter saw the pretense at swallowing. She fled from the kitchen.

Then, in the small spare bedroom, she fell on the couch and sobbed, " Oh, God, I hope it works! I—I never knew it'd be so hard to bake bad on —on purpose! "

Alta Shellenberger of Canton, Ohio, submits her cartoon, a good take-off on the old pistol gag.



In submitting some rhymes, Mrs. Jeanne Austin Woolf of Perry, Missouri, writes: " These little rhymes were written for my children about their everyday interests and fancies." The one I have chosen is called Daddy and I. It is a delightful bit of prose, written to charm the juvenile mind.

DADDY AND I

When I was my daddy and daddy was I,
We feasted between meals on chocolate pie.

I reached in my pocket and got chewing gum,
While he danced around and asked me for some.

He brought me his sled and his wagon to mend,
And I gave him pennies and nickels to spend.

We talked about horses and wild Indians, too.
I think that I was a nice daddy, don't you?

Earl J. Blanchard of Miami, Florida, is entitled to special commendation for some outstandingly clever quips.

If you are going to hitch your wagon to a star, be sure that it's not a meteor.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, " This is my own and not the finance company's "?

A charming bit of sentiment woven into a short poem by Helen Frances Freeman of Miami, Florida.

LOVE

Love is the master weaver;
Our hearts his chosen web;
Our lives his favorite pattern;
Our dreams his fragile thread.

And now Neil T. Regan of Astoria, New York, and his amusing short story. It is well written and contains a surprise ending. What more can we ask?

MIDNIGHT PATROL

Patrolman Jerry Murphy sat at the wheel of Radio Car Nineteen. He stared forth dejectedly into the murky gloom of a sleeping city. His first tour of duty in a patrol car was nearly over and not a thing had happened.

To say that Officer Murphy was disappointed is but to disparage. He was grieved, deeply grieved, for he was a man who craved action. In fact that was why he had sought to be assigned to the radio patrol. It was the reason for his foregoing many a gratis nip at Mike's on the corner, for his doing without occasional smokes in warm hallways. He might as well have been home in bed for all the excitement he had seen.

Swinging his car westward into snow-cluttered Christopher Street, he began his final round of the district. Suddenly the radio began to crackle, and involuntarily he tensed himself.

"Calling Car Nineteen. Calling Car Nineteen," rasped the husky voice of the announcer.

Action had come at last! Jerry's spine tingled with excitement. The radio buzzed, and then the words—the awful, soul-shattering words:

"Apple pie and coffee for the sergeant. Apple pie and coffee for the sergeant. That is all."

Contribution by Horace B. Sweeney, Scranton, Pennsylvania. Age twenty-four, unemployed, and anxious to act as apprentice in art studio. Any suggestions?

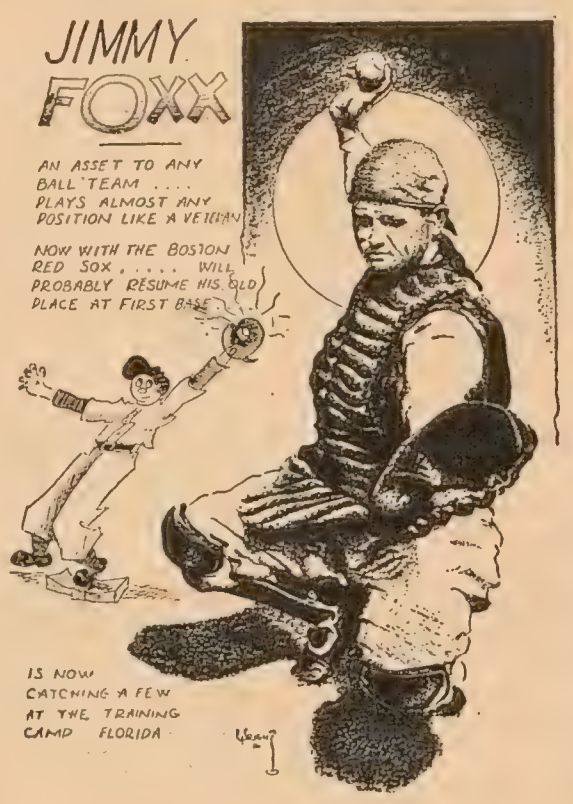
"Next?"

Striking, bitter verse is submitted by Betty Etnire of Wichita, Kansas. It is a brief poignant tale.

BATTLEFIELD

One, wounded unto death, looked up
And watched the stars fade from the sky.
Another, looking down, saw mud,
And wept because he had to die.

Robert Wright, Norwood, Pennsylvania, nineteen years old, a senior in high school, has never had instruction outside of his school work. Ambition: to be a newspaper cartoonist. A very worthy goal for your remarkable talent, Robert. I'll wager you will not remain an amateur long.


JIMMY FOXX
AN ASSET TO ANY BALL TEAM . . . . PLAYS ALMOST ANY POSITION LIKE A VETERAN
NOW WITH THE BOSTON RED SOX, ... WILL PROBABLY RESUME HIS OLD PLACE AT FIRST BASE
IS NOW CATCHING A FEW AT THE TRAINING CAMP FLORIDA

"Whether I profit by this page or not, I believe I'm not taking in too much territory by saying for all amateur writers to you, 'Thanks a million.'" So writes Jesse Harold Day of Portland, Oregon. And thank you, Jesse. Paging Diogenes, your unusual storiette, is well written and cleverly handled. We hope the readers will agree with us.

PAGING DIOGENES

Jacob Myers stamped impatiently, waiting for the streetcar to take him out of the chill April wind. He noticed something lying on the sidewalk, and picked it up. It was a billfold.

He looked at it more closely, wishing that with his nearsighted eyes he wasn't always leaving his spectacles at home, especially at night.

"With mine glasses, maybe I could read this name on it," Jacob Myers muttered to himself. He thumbed the few well worn banknotes in the billfold, and temptation ran high in his heart; but with a little sigh he tucked the billfold into his pocket and started toward the nearest newspaper building, some five blocks away.

There, by a series of questions, he found his way to the Lost-and-Found section of the classified-advertisement department, and stated his business. He wanted to advertise for the owner.

"Don't you want to describe the billfold in the ad?" the clerk asked.

"Just say I found it at Third and Washington. Say there iss"—he handed the billfold to the clerk—"count the money and say there iss that much in it. The owner will know it, yes?"

"Yes, sir. Thirty-four dollars." The clerk scribbled a few lines, counted them, and glanced up. "The charge for the ad will be forty-six cents."

Jacob Myers felt in his pocket. His face reddened.

"I am sorry," he apologized. "I haf left mine purse at home." Always forgetting something, he told himself. "Maybe the owner will pay for the ad, yes?"

The clerk looked doubtful, then he said he could mention that the claimant would have to pay for the ad. "That's done sometimes, you know." He studied the billfold again. "Wait a minute. Here's a name engraved on the flap."

"What iss der name?" Jacob Myers queried.

"'Jacob Myers,'" was the answer.

PRIZE WINNERS, MARCH 21

Readers gave K. Schleifer, Rochester, N. Y., an easy first place and he wins the $25 prize. "What is wrong with this picture?" his cartoon asked. Second place, and $10, goes to William Fewer, Jr., Bird Island, Minn., for his cartoon, Leap Year. Third prizes of $5 each go to Hilda Butler Farr, Chicago, Ill., for Beyond the Fog of Years; Erma Haaland, Washington, D. C., for Nursery Rhymes Up to Date; and Hanna Moore Krammes, Arkansas City, Kan., for Old Stuff, a short story.

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week goes to the following poets: Inazel Crowley Foster, Pueblo, Colo.; Mary Bruce, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy Brodine, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Francis Jones, McDonogh, Md.; Dustin Austin, Anahuac, Texas; and to these short-story writers: Mrs. Donald Frazier, Kent, Ohio; Robert B. Spencer, Salt Lake City, Utah; Clinton T. Sturdevant, U.S.S. Lexington, Long Beach, Calif.; J. S. Kirkbride, Galesburg, Ill.; Belle O. Fleming, Toronto, Ont.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Vox Pop

Hauptmann Clues Sifted and Reviewed By Our Amateur Detectives

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—We are General Electric employees, and the Lindbergh case as published in Liberty is often under discussion during the noon hour. A large number of mechanics here are of the opinion that the story of Abraham Samuelsohn (March 28 Liberty) is correct. He in all probability made the kidnaper's ladder for Hauptmann. At best it was a very frail affair, and in giving it a thorough test Hauptmann very likely broke the ladder, and, being a carpenter himself, repaired it with boards taken from his attic. This is our opinion. —*Thirty Carpenters.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Having read with great interest Jafsie's story in Liberty, also Fulton Oursler's Jafsie in Panama Discusses New Evidence, I am surprised that no reference was made to what occurred in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, during Mrs. Hauptmann's visit there to raise funds for her husband's appeal to the higher courts.

While she was holding her meetings in Milwaukee (and gathering in the shekels) a Roman Catholic priest of that city called government agents to his home and informed them that while he was in charge of a church in New Jersey, located not so far from the Lindbergh house, during the year previous to the kidnaping, he had frequently seen Hauptmann at the hotel and talked to him, had known him by the *name* of Bruno Hauptmann; had once seen him on horseback coming out of the very woods where the baby was found buried.

This seems to be *very valuable* new evidence, and reliable. Can it be possible it is not known of in the East?—*A Chicago Woman.*

DE LAND, FLA.—I believe that the canoe theory (Jafsie in Panama Discusses New Evidence, March 28 Liberty) would solve the mystery of box measurements! A waterproof seamless steel tackle box, with trays removed and its rustless lock all ready to snap shut, was doubtless the reason for selecting that spot for the cash delivery. On reaching the creek bank the kidnaper could, even if followed, have slipped it into the water. Even if alarmed later on his course, he could have thrown it overboard with a float attached to the rugged handle—he was a powerful swimmer. Undoubtedly he never planned to *lose* it in deep water, if indeed he ever intended to take it far from that point!—*Susan Hale.*

BRONX, N. Y.—Now, if, as Samuelsohn states, he made a ladder for Hauptmann, then I'm sure he must have left *his* fingerprints on it. Dr. Hudson discovered five hundred fingerprints, many of which as yet are *unidentified.* Now all that has to be done is to secure Samuelsohn's fingerprints and compare them with the *unidentified* prints found on the kidnap ladder. If his proves to be one of said unidentified prints, then in all probability his story is true, and vice versa.—*John Egan.*

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Just one thing has always puzzled me. Dr. Condon, after he had contacted the man "John," met and shook hands with him several times, advised and coached by the most talented police in the country. Why didn't they have Dr. Condon's hands prepared to get fingerprints—*or did they?*—*Walter K. Porter.*

EATON, IND.—This has to do with the minute detail of Hauptmann's ransom-money box and its significance to its possible location.

About forty years ago a type of cast alloy cemetery monument was sold. How widely they were distributed I do not know; but by removing one of the plates which were a part of the memorial the Gerald Chapman gang found ample space for their cache here some years ago.

Could it be possible that such monuments may be found in St. Raymond's Cemetery? The ones found here in Eaton have compartments large enough to accommodate the ransom box. Or, it could be possible that the box may be under some coping on top of some mausoleum.—*B. E. Peck.*

SALEM, WASH.—I'm sure I have the answer to why Hauptmann wanted the peculiar-shaped box. In fact he gave the answer himself. He said he opened the box because water leaked through a closet and soaked it. If you can analyze the box and money and prove that it was *salt water*, then the answer is, he tied the box under the canoe mentioned in March 28 Liberty, in case he was caught in any trap before he got away. Thus nobody would find any evidence on him or *in* the canoe. If this is not as good a guess as any, I'd like to know a better one.—*Amateur Detective.*

ALLENTOWN, PA.—If Jafsie found the clue when he examined the crib, and then knew the evidence, why did he have to pray at the crib and pay the ransom? If he had the evidence that very moment, I will say that his subsequent actions were very, very strange.—*F. H. C.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—What about Mary Cerrita and her husband Peter Birrittella, who told that the Lindbergh baby was murdered and where to find the body? I think what she said, according to April 4 Liberty, seems to be pretty straight fact.—*C. Barnett.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Jafsie admits that Hauptmann handed him a note one night, yet no effort was made to secure the fingerprints from that note—or any other note, for that matter. It is a known fact that portions of fingerprints on these ransom notes (useless for identification) did not match Hauptmann's fingerprints in any way.

In the trial at Flemington, no mention was made of other parties involved in the kidnaping case, yet in these articles for Liberty Jafsie names other figures and other evidence that should have proved interesting to that jury who decided Bruno's fate in that little courtroom in Flemington, New Jersey.

Jafsie lives in the Bronx, made the ransom contacts in the Bronx, yet it took him two years to pursue and apprehend the lone wolf Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

Jafsie says he did not trace the phone calls for fear that it might impair his chances of getting the baby back. Those phone calls could have been easily traced after the kidnaper had hung up. The kidnaper would have been none the wiser. At least Jafsie would have known from what vicinity the call was made. It looks like deliberate negligence on somebody's part. I wonder whose?—*Thomas Hazelton.*

"Vacation nothing! I came here to teach the wife how to drive."

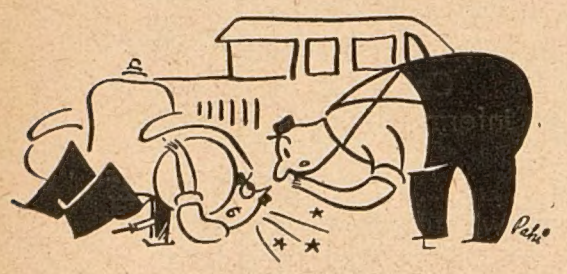
WHAT GENDER IS AN AUTO?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—An Englishman like myself finds constant question in grasping certain personifications which you rebels apply to inanimate or neutral elements. Recently, while a grimy mechanic sweated over my broken auto, he distinctly used all three genders in referring to it.

First the Yankee said to his assistant: "Roll her down, Ed."

Then he urged to "Heft him up—just a little higher."

Finally, in a burst of inspiration prompted by bringing his head against



the axle, he employed this last, singular epithet, which in its impetus suggests the true pronoun: "Damn it!"

Now which, O ye Yankees, is the recognized gender of an auto?—*A John-Bullish Citizen.*

A DUNCE CAP FOR MOTHERS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Once each year we are deluged with sermons, editorials, articles, and poems supposedly appropriate to Mother's Day. These effusions stress the nobility of mother love or laud the sacrificing mother. Such saccharine nonsense makes me sick!

Do women deserve this eulogy simply because they are mothers? As far as I have been able to learn, it is quite natural for a mother to be a mother! Why all the fuss, then?

Mothers, as a rule, all accepted motherhood with their eyes open. They knew what they were letting themselves in for. The mere fact that she went through the simple biological phenomenon of producing offspring surely does not entitle a woman to any laurel wreaths.

Judging from the present-day quality of human offspring, I certainly fail to see why a day should be set aside for mothers. My idea of an award would be the dunce cap!—*An Ultra-Modern Mother.*

STEWED GEESE AND NUTS

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—No 1. If a pint of gin will boil a goose, will a quart of whisky stew a gander?

No. 2. If three peanuts will make a "hill" in a hill, how many doughnuts will it take to make the "whole" of hole in one?

No. 3. What kind of nuts grow in America which require the heaviest blows to crack them—with a sledge hammer?

The United States Office of Education was allotted $75,000 work-relief funds to elucidate the answers to such questions. Well, if the average citizen can give correct answers to 45 per cent of them, then it is because Ted Shane's cockeyed crossword puzzles have been serving a better purpose than I had ever thought.—*Melvin Gould.*

"SOME NEW DEALERS CAN'T 'TAKE IT'"

SPOKANE, WASH.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial Some New Dealers Can't "Take It" (March 28 Liberty) was very good, and it goes to show the only thing they can do is dish out the taxpayers' money. At every public gathering you will find a number of New Deal alcoholics for the purpose of heckling any speaker who is opposed to this administration. The people have almost lost the right of peaceful assembly. But I believe the better class of Americans are through with Roosevelt, Farley, and the rotten so-called New Deal.—*T. R. Lovejoy.*

VICTORIOUS PLANK . . . UGLY MUG

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In its March 14 issue Liberty is worrying about a victorious plank. Let me tell you all about it.

1. To be victorious the candidate's name must be Franklin D. Roosevelt.

2. He must enjoy the active hostility of such amusing asses as Mr. Macfadden and of such moronic publications as Liberty. Macfadden's editorials are truly priceless to the New Deal, and the addition of his ugly mug is a master stroke of editorial maladroitness—but not from the New Deal angle.—*Oho-ho.*

FUNNY THEATER SIGNS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Our crowd looks forward each week to Liberty. And among other reading matter we enjoy the funny signs seen on theaters. I'm sending in a few herewith which I hope you think a scream too:

THE LADY CONSENTS—AH WILDERNESS!

SOAK THE RICH—SHOW THEM NO MERCY.

ANOTHER FACE—I DREAM TOO MUCH!

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—NAUGHTY MARIETTA.

FIGHTING YOUTH—EVERY NIGHT AT 8.

QUINTUPLETS—STRIKE ME PINK!

IT HAD TO HAPPEN—KLONDIKE ANNIE.

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—CHATTERBOX.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE—SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—THE BRIDE COMES HOME.—*Peggy Hurt.*

EXPLAINING ONE STAR

SHELLMAN, GA.—Being a constant reader of Liberty, I would like very much to know the meaning of the star on the cover of each issue. I have seen the star on each number, but never did I find out why it is there. Is it Beverly's rating of your magazine?—*Kelly C. Shaw.*

[Many readers have asked this question. The star is used as a distributional symbol and indicates that the copies of Liberty so marked are sold through independent wholesalers on the newsstands.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A FAMILY OF MILLIONS!

PUEBLO, COLO.—I think Liberty is about the most American-family type of magazine on the market, and I believe you do strive to give the people what they want. The moment I pick up Liberty, I feel that I am being drawn into an intimate family discussion of everything humanly interesting, the family being Liberty's staff, the characters in the stories, the authors, the millions of readers, and myself. My reactions to Vox Pop are varied, for we have the good and the bad children there.

Sometimes you say things I do not like, but so does my precious mother!—*Bernice Sechrist Johnston.*

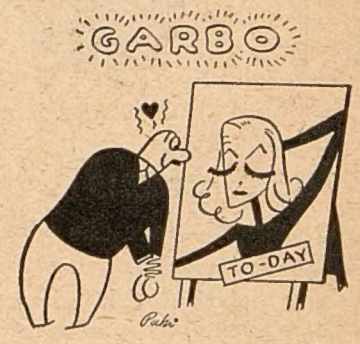
LINCOLN SAID IT

OMAHA, NEB.—Just to set Mary E. Stroup right (March 28 Vox Pop) as to the originator of the saying, "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." It wasn't Barnum.

Abraham Lincoln made this famous remark on September 8, 1858, at Clinton, Illinois, in an independent speech supplemental to his debates with Douglas.—*G. E. Beach.*

GARBO . . . HOPE FOR HEPBURN

SEATTLE, WASH.—Who is Cliff, that very dumb person in March 28 Vox Pop who obviously thinks that Garbo is such



a superior type of person? He says Katharine Hepburn will never be another Garbo. Well, then there's still some hope for Hepburn!—*Bill Fleming.*

HAS MAJOR BOWES A DEFENSE?

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Has it occurred to you that the contestants of the Major Bowes Amateur Writers page may not be protected against a person who would send in hundreds of votes for his own personal gain?

If Liberty would print a coupon for each vote submitted we could avoid this injustice. The coupon could be easily pasted on a card and mailed.

It seems an important matter to me that the contestants be protected. Has Major Bowes any defense against such a dishonest marauder?—*Florence E. Polis.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

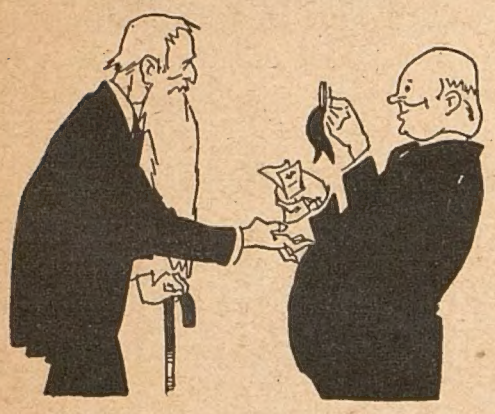
PICHER, OKLA.—The fire alarm rang. Fire Chief Charles Safford jumped from the chair and hit the floor running. In the excitement he forgot his car, sprinted off down the street, and beat the fire truck to the scene.

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Cornelius Price, defendant in an alimony suit, offered the court an affidavit that his wife had served him boiled automobile inner tubes for dinner.

DENVER, COLO.—Patrolman Leonard Nevin, studying to become a sergeant, ordered a book he thought would prove helpful. It turned out to be about prohibition enforcement.

BLUE EYE, MO.—The school here closed because of an epidemic of pink eye.

LINCOLN, NEB.—Ebe Roelfs, seventy-four years old, applied for an old-age pension. He said his only income last year was two dollars which he won as a prize for long whiskers at a picnic.



LUCKY OMENS

A singing teakettle foretells pleasant news before long.

For a young girl to find her hair tangled overmuch in the morning is a warning that some other girl is endeavoring to win her sweetheart away.

It is good fortune for a mother with grown children to experience petty accidents and trouble from morning to night on a weekday. She will hear good news of a son or daughter within the week.

Freckles in profusion on boys or girls indicate good health in childhood and good fortune when they grow up.

To stumble coming into the house presages good news on the morrow. To stumble going out of the house is a warning to watch your step the rest of the day.

—Roy L. McCardell.

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Never let the Right Wing know what the Left Wing is doing.

—The Communists.

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Clear—and Unlimited.....George Bruce 10
Havoc in Hollywood.....Robert Neal Leath 18
The Swimmer—Liberty's Short Short.....William E. Barrett 36
Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra
Bert Green 48

Serials

Without Warning—Part V..Major George Fielding Eliot and Edward Doherty 28
Company of the Damned—Part VI.Captain W. J. Blackledge 40
Rich Man's Son—Part VIII.....Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 52

Articles

My Heroine.....Mary Pickford 6
A message for every mother in the world
Whither Hitler? Whither Europe? Whither America?
Colonel E. M. House 17
A hope for peace—and a well informed fear of war to come
How It Feels to Be a Has-Been.....Babe Ruth 25
The retired Sultan of Swat looks wistfully over his record, and reflects that, anyway, he does mean something to a few million kids
What Hauptmann Did with the Missing Money
D. Thomas Curtin 34
"$49,000 traced to me? Not a speck of truth in that," said Hauptmann's death message in Liberty last week—Federal figures tell another story
Old Age in the Hands of the Police.....John Erskine 50
A thought-provoking look at what would happen to the United States and you under the Townsend Plan

Features

Editorial.....Bernarr Macfadden 4
Fashion Flashes from Paris.....Doramiller 14
Twenty Questions..... 27
Sprightly, Serious, Suave—Movie reviews.....Beverly Hills 37
Good Books.....Oliver Swift 39
$2,000 Crossword Puzzle Contest..... 46
To the Ladies!.....Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 47
Liberty's Amateur Writers Page. Conducted by Major Bowes 58
Vox Pop..... 60
It Happened In—..... 62

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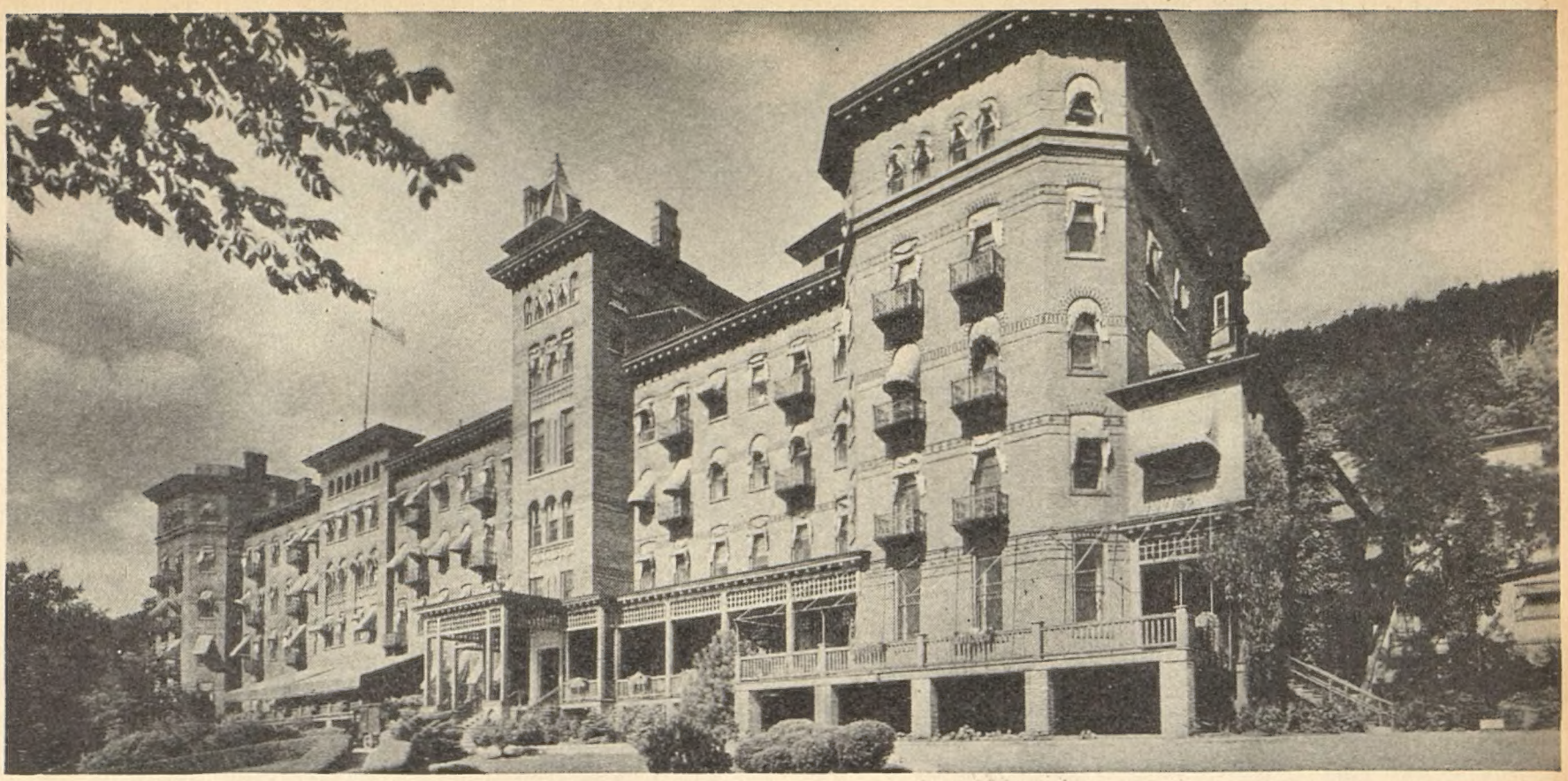

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